

THE PRIMARY SONG BOOK



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The PRIMARY SONG BOOK



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THE GENERAL BOARD OF
PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Sixth Edition

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1915

PREFACE

These songs have been compiled by the General Board of Primary Associations with much loving thought and labor and with the earnest hope that the officers and children will find pleasure and profit in their use.

Many of the songs are new and this opportunity is taken to express grateful thanks to all who have assisted in any way towards making the Primary Song Book a success.

Some old favorites have been included, among which will be found many of the original songs written expressly for the Primary Associations.

We offer a few suggestions to choristers:

Be patient. Do not tire of repetition. Be thorough. Be sure the children understand the meaning of the words they sing. Teach exact pronunciation and do not mistake shouting for singing. While the child's voice is of great compass, it should remain beautiful and sweet—music is not noise. Remember you are making first impressions and they are lasting.

The Good Shepherd has taught us that the angels who watch over little children are of those who have reached the highest altitudes of heaven. What an incentive to loving service in the thought that we are co-workers with them "who do always behold the face of the Father!"

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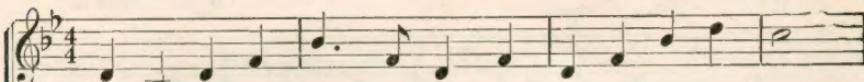
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No. 1. All Things Bright and Beautiful.

FRANK FORD.



1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,
2. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings -
3. The pur - ple - head - ed mount-ain, The riv - er run-ning by,



All things wise and won - der - ful; The great God made them all.
He made its flow - ing col - ors—He made its ti - ny wings.
The morn - ing, and the sun - set That light - eth up the sky.



- 4 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden—
He made them every one.

- 5 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
That doeth all things well.

No. 2.

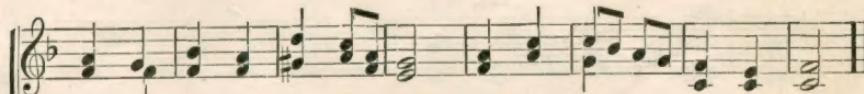
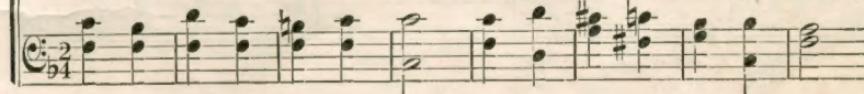
As a Little Child.

Moderato.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond its own,
2. So let me, a child, re - ceive What to - day Thou shalt pro - vide,
3. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me lov - ing, meek, and mild;



Knows be - neath its fa - ther's eyes, It is nev - er left a - lone.
Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave What to - mor - row may be - tide.
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a lit - tle child.



No. 3.

Because He Loves Me So.

Words selected.

H. H. PETERSEN.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gel voic - es tell,
 2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
 And though I can-not see Him, I know He hears my praise!

I am both weak and err - ing, But this I sure - ly know,
 And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
 For He has kind - ly prom - ised That I shall sure - ly go,

The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loves me so.
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
 To dwell a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

No. 4. Come Join With Me to Sing and Praise.

Arr. by ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



1. Come, join with me to sing and praise Our
2. The win - ter hid them deep in snow, And
3. And let us mix our voic - es gay, With
4. The birds can flut - ter free and wild, And



Heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care, Who gave to Na - ture
held the brook - let long; But now it danc - es
Na - ture's mer - ry tone; Our Mak - er gave not
sing the live - long day; To us a - lone our



all her pow'r, And made the world so fair.
as it goes, To rob - in's mer - ry song.
mu - sic sweet To birds and brooks a - lone.
Fa - ther gave A voice to praise and pray.



No. 5.

Children's Morning Song.

L. DALTON.

Arr. E. BEESLEY.

1. "High in Heav'n a - bove us, Where the an - gels dwell,
2. Low on earth be - neath us, Where our footsteps stray,
3. Nev - er, nev - er grieve Him, Think - ing a - ny ill;

God will ev - er love us If we serve Him well."
 God can hear and see us, Night as well as day.
 Ev - er try to please Him, Do - ing His good will.

No. 6.

Hymn of Praise.

E. STEPHENS.

ALFRED PETERSON.

1. I'll strive while young to tune my voice, To songs of praise and love,
2. He gives His chil - dren here be - low A thou-sand bless-ings rare,
3. He loves each lit - tle, harm-less child, The poor and low - ly heart;
4. O, Fa - ther, good and full of grace, Tune Thou my heart and voice,

The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God a - bove.
 Each pass - ing day and hour doth show His lov - ing, ten - der care.
 And e'en the soul with sin de - filed, Re - pent - ing hath a part.
 That I may ev - er chant Thy praise, And in Thy love re - joice.

No. 7.

Our Children.

E. B. WELLS.

E. BEESLEY.

1. Hosts of chil - dren ev - 'ry morn - ing, Seek the Lord in
 2. Hosts of an - gels 'round us wait - ing, Bear the mes - sage

ear - nest pray'r, Thank - ing Him for ev - 'ry bless - ing,
 to the skies, With ce - les - tial songs re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

Life and health and lov - ing care. Hosts of chil - dren
 Fill the realms of par - a - dise.

seek sal - va - tion, Ev - er faith - ful may we be;

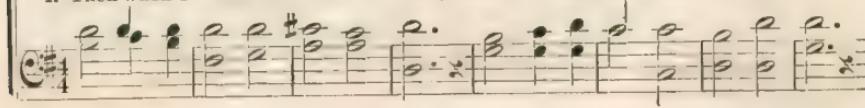
Make us, Lord, a might-y na - tion, Press-ing on to vic - to - ry.

No. 8. I'm Not Too Young for God to See.

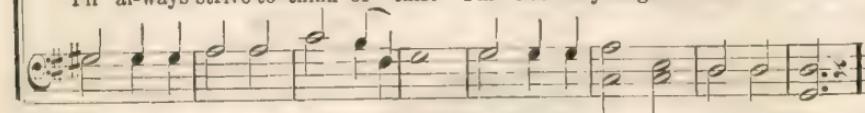
ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



1. I'm not too young for God to see, He knows my name and na - ture too,
2. He list - ens to the words I say, And knows the tho's I have with - in;
3. Oh, how could chil-dren tell a lie, Or cheat at play, or steal or fight,
4. Then when I want to do a - miss, How - ev - er pleas - ant it may be,



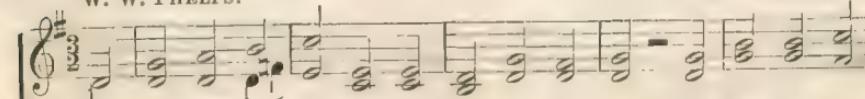
And all day long He looks at me— He sees my ac - tions thro' and thro'.
And whether I'm at work or play, He's sure to know it if I sin.
If they re-membered God was nigh, And al - ways had them in His sight.
I'll al - ways strive to think of this: I'm not too young for God to see.



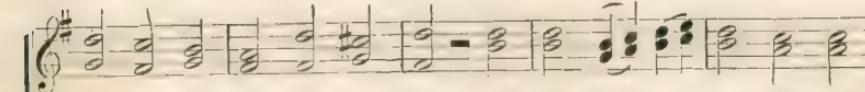
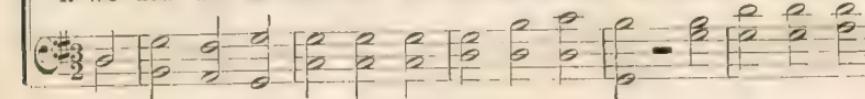
No. 9. O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.

W. W. PHELPS.

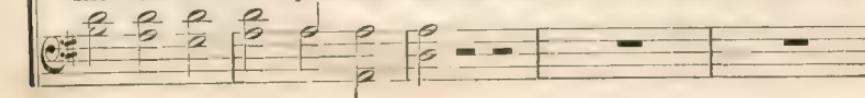
H. H. PETERSEN.



1. O Je - sus! the Giv - er of all we en - joy, Our lives to Thy
2. With joy we re - mem - ber the dawn of that day, When cold as De -
3. The won - der - ful name of our Je - sus we'll sing, And pub - lish the
4. We now are en - list - ed in Je - sus'blest cause, Di - vine - ly as -



hon - or we wish to em - ploy; With prais - es un - ceas-ing we'll
cem - ber in dark - ness we lay; The sweet in - vi - ta - tion we
fame of our Cap - tain and King; With sweet ex - ul - ta - tion His
sist - ed to con - quer our foes: His grace will sup - port us till



O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.



sing of Thy name, Thy good-ness in - creas-ing, Thy love we'll pro - claim.
heard with sur -prise, And wit-nessed sal - va - tion flow down from the skies.
good-ness we prove; His name is sal - va - tion, His na - ture is love.
con - flicts are o'er, He then will es - cort us to Zi - on's bright shore.



No. 10. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Andante.

J. P. OLSEN.



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear us; Bless Thy lit - tle
2. All this day Thy hand has led us, And we thank Thee
3. May our sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends we



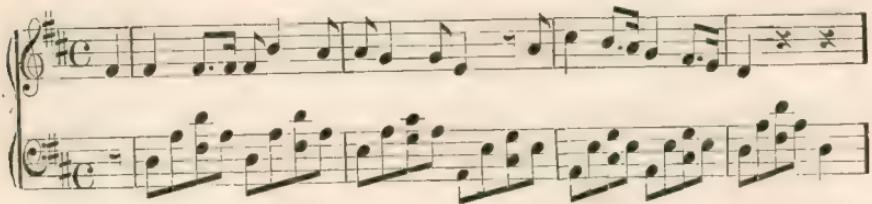
lambs to-night; Thro' the dark-ness, be Thou near us; Keep us safe till
for Thy care; Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us; List - en to our
love so well; Take us, when we die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with



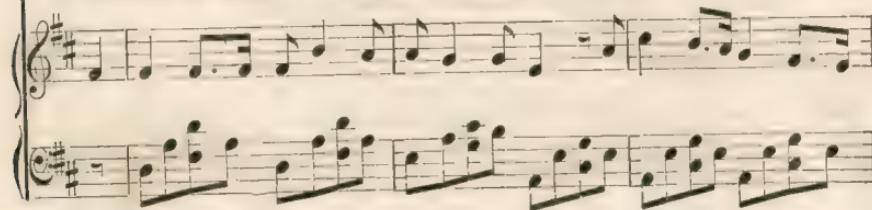
morn - ing light, Keep us safe till morn - ing light.
eve - ning pray'r, List - en to our eve - ning pray'r.
Thee to dwell, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.



No. 11. I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Jesus was here a - mong
2. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His

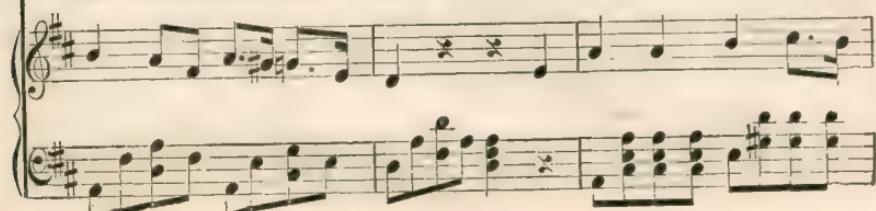


men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren like lambs to His fold, I should
love; And if I con - tin - ue to seek Him be - low I shall



like to have been with Him then.
hear Him and see Him a - bove.

I wish that His hands had been
I long for that hap - py and



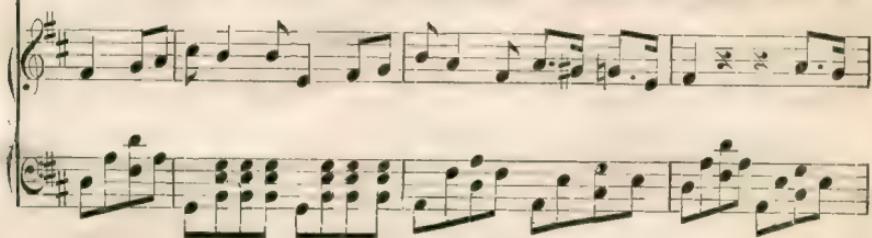
I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.



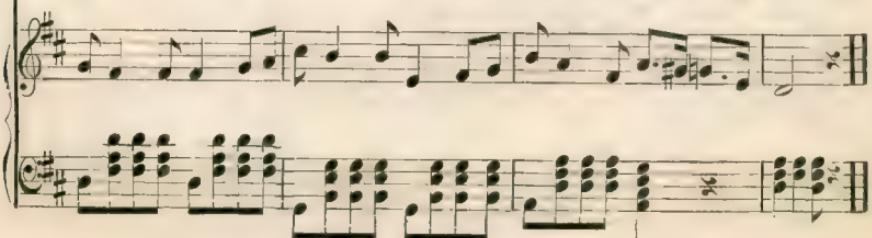
laid on my head; And that I had been placed on his knee, That I might have
glo - ri - ous time, The fairest, the brightest, the best, When the dear lit - tle



seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come un - to me;" That
chil - dren of ev - 'ry clime, Shall crowd to His arms to be blest; When the



I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me."
dear lit - tle chil - dren of ev - 'ry clime, Shall crowd to His arms to be blest.



No. 12.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

A. C. SMYTH.

Semplice—not fast.

Jesus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle
 Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him, Well He sees and knows it,

Burn-ing in the night, Like a lit - tle can-dle Burn-ing in the night;
 If our light is dim, Well He sees and knows it, If our light is dim;

In this world is dark - ness, So we must shine, You in your small corner And
 He looks down from heav-en To see us shine, You in your small corner And

I in mine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

tempo.

stac.

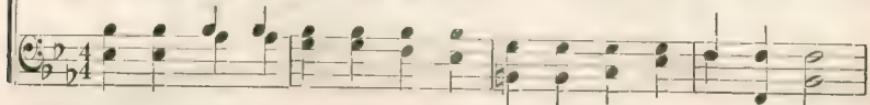
tempo. etc.

No. 13. Jesus Blessed the Children.

ALVIN A. REESLEY.



1. Je - sus blessed the lit - tle chil-dren, When He was on earth be - low;
2. When He kind - ly called them to Him, Took each one up - on His knee;



It fills me with joy and glad-ness, When I think He loved them so.
When He said to His dis - ci - ples, Let the chil - dren come to me.



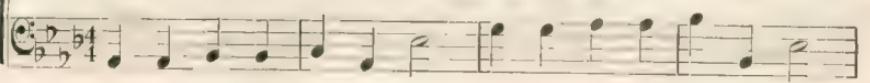
No. 14. Jesus, Unto Thee I Pray.

E. B. FERGUSON.

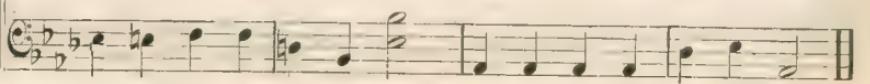
A. A. BEESLEY.



1. Je - sus, un - to Thee I paay, Guide and guard me thro' this day,
2. All my lit - tle wants sup - ply, If : I live or if . I die,
3. And when life, O Lord, is past, Take me to Thy - self at last—



As the shep-herd tends his sheep, Keep me—safe from e - vil keep.
Keep my feet from ev - 'ry snare—Guard me with Thy watch-ful care.
For me to Thy gen - tle breast—There for - ev - er may I rest.



No. 15. Jesus Thou Art Sweet and Mild.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

JOS. J. DAYNES.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. Je - sus, Thou art sweet and mild, Wilt Thou hear a lit - tle child?
2. Wilt Thou, Je - sus, when I die, Take me up to Thee, on high;

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Mam-ma oft - en tells of Thee, Tells me I Thy face shall see.
To Thy love-ly home a - bove, There to dwell in peace and love?

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

If I seek to wor - ship Thee, Say, O Lord, that You love me;
Je - sus, let Thy bless - ing flow To my loved ones, here be - low,

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

And if I Thy name shall praise And o - obey Thee all my days.
That they too may wor - thy be To for - ev - er dwell with Thee.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

No. 16. Jesus Once Was a Little Child.

Moderato.

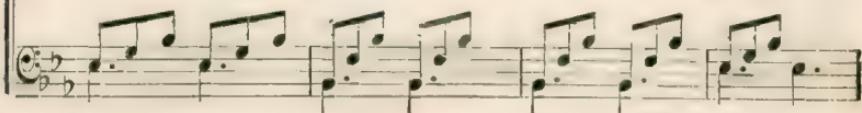
JOS. BALLANTYNE.



1. Je-sus once was a lit - tle child, A lit - tle child like me, And
2. He played as lit - tle chil-dren play The pleasant games of youth; But He



He was pure and meek and mild As a lit - tle child should be.
never got vexed if the game went wrong And He always spoke the truth.



CHORUS.



So lit - tle chil - dren, Let's you and I.



Try to be like Him, Try, try, try.



No. 17. Let the Little Children Come.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

J. J. DAYNES.



1. Fav - ored lit - tle ones were they— Who, to - wards him Je - sus drew!
2. Je - sus claims the chil - dren love; Je - sus loves them as of old!



rit. a tempo.



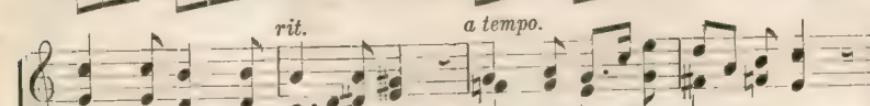
Who with-in His arms he took— Just as lov - ing par - ents do;
Je - sus calls from heav'n a - bove— "Feed my lambs" and guard the fold;



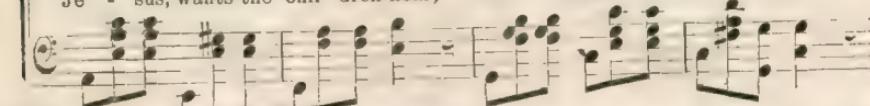
Christ the Lord "Our liv - ing head" This, of lit - tle chil-dren said—
When the lit - tle chil - dren pray— Je - sus, is not far a - way!



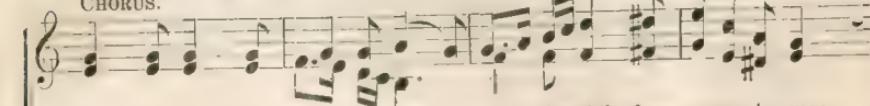
rit. a tempo.



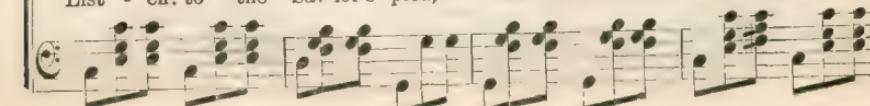
"Such, shall of My king - dom be Suf - fer them to come to me."
Je - sus, wants the chil - dren near, List - en to His words so clear.



CHORUS.



List - en! to the Sav-ior's plea, Let the chil - dren come to me;



Let the Little Children Come.

Musical score for 'Let the Little Children Come.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The piano part features a continuous bass line with chords. The vocal line consists of simple, repetitive lyrics: 'Let the lit - tle chil-dren come, Come to me, come to me, Come to me, come to me,' repeated twice.

No. 18. My Father, for Another Night.

Rev. Sir HENRY W. BAKER, BART.
Devotionally. Voices in Unison.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. My Fa-ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,
2. Now with the new-born day I give My - self a - new to Thee,
3. What -e'er I do, things great or small, What -e'er I speak or frame,
4. My Fa - ther, for His sake I pray Thy child ac - cept and bless;

For all the joy of morn - ing light, Thy Ho - ly name be blest.
That as Thou will - est I may live, And what Thou will - est be.
Thy glo - ry may I seek in all, Do all in Je - sus' name.
And lead me by Thy grace to - day, In paths of right - eous - ness.

Musical score for 'My Father, for Another Night.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The piano part features a continuous bass line with chords. The vocal line consists of the lyrics for the hymn, repeated once.

No. 19. Little Knees Should Lowly Bend.

Words selected.

Andante mf.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. Lit - tle knees should low - ly bend, Lit - tle knees should low - ly bend,
2. Lit - tle tongues should speak the truth, Little tongues should speak the truth,

At the hour of prayer, At the hour of prayer;
With - out fear or halt, With-out fear or halt;

Lit - tle tho'ts to heav'n as - cend, To our Fa - ther there,
Lit - tle lips should ne'er be loth, To con-fess a fault,

Lit - tle tho'ts to heav'n as-cend, To our Fa - ther there.
Lit - tle lips should ne'er be loth, To con - fess a fault.

mf *cres.* *f*
mf *cres.* *f*

mf

cres. *f* *p dim.*

cres. *f* *p dim.*

No. 20.

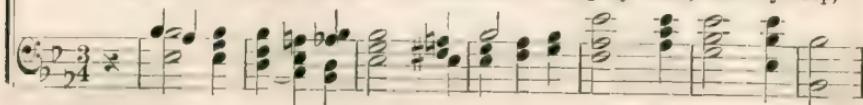
Our Heavenly Father.

ELIZA R. SNOW.
Andante.

J. P. OLSEN.



1. Our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, we will sing To Thee, a hymn of praise;
2. If, in the day that's past and gone, We did thy spir - it grieve,
3. And when we lay us down to rest, We pray thee, safe - ly keep,



Ac - cept our eve - ning of-f'ring; Hear thou our chil - dish lays.
 We, in the name of Thy dear Son, Do pray Thou wilt for - give
 And thro' the night may we be blest With sweet re - fresh - ing sleep.



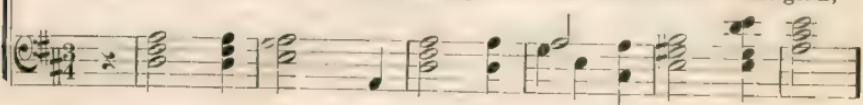
No. 21. O, Father Look Upon Us.

Moderato.

J. P. OLSEN.



1. O, Fa - ther, look up - on us, Here at thy feet to day,
2. Tho' thou art in the heav'ns, Thou guard - est all be - low;
3. Teach us to use thy blessings, From stings of con - science free;
4. May we go on im - proving The time which thou hast giv'n;



And tho' our words are fee - ble, Thou know'st what we would say.
 Teach us to learn and fol - low, All that we ought to know.
 May we be gay and hap - py, With - out for - get - ting thee.
 And may we not, O, Fa - ther, E'er lose the way to heav'n.



No. 22.

Our Loving Savior Dear.

H. A. T.

Treble.

Trio.

H. A. TUCKETT.

1. Our lov - ing Sav - ior dear, We pray to Thee
 2. While in this vale . of tears On earth be - low,
 3. Bless thou our teach - ers dear, With bless - ings rare,

2d Alto.

That Thou wilt train our hearts, Lov - ing to be;
 Our path be - set with thorn Where ere we go;
 Who teach us week by week With ten - der care;

Guide thro' the path of life Our way - ward feet,
 Do thou Thy spir - its, grace On us be - stow,
 When all our work is done Through-out the land,

Grant that in heav'n a - bove We all may meet.
 Show - ing where dan - gers lie, Guid - ing us through.
 May we in realms of bliss With an - gels stand.

No. 23.

O, My Father.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

HAYDN.



1. O, my Fa - ther, thou that dwell-est, In that high and glo - rious place!
2. For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose, Thou hast placed me here on earth,
3. I had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thro' thy Spir - it from on high;
4. When I leave this rail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this mor - tal by,



When shall I re - gain thy pres-ence, And a - gain be - hold thy face?
 And with-held the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my form - er friends and birth;
 But, un - til the Key of Knowledge Was re - stored, I knew not why;
 Fa - ther, moth - er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?



In that ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side?
 Yet, oft times a se - cret some-thing Whispered "You're a strang - er here;"
 In the heav'n are par-ents sin - gle? No, the tho't makes rea - son stare!
 Then, at length, when I've com - pleat-ed All you sent me forth to do,



In my first prim - e - val child-hood, Was I nur - tured by thy side?
 And I felt that I had wan-der'd From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
 Truth is rea - son—truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've a moth - er there.
 With your mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion, Let me come and dwell with you.



No. 24.

Loving Shepherd.*

JANE E. LEESON.

From GOTTSCHALK. ARR. by A. C. SMYTH.

UNISON. *Moderato. Very tenderly.*

1. Lov - ing shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy
 2. Lov - ing Sav - ior Thou didst give Thine own
 3. I would praise Thee ev - 'ry day, Glad - ly
 4. Lov - ing shep - herd, ev - er near, Teach Thy

lambs in safe - ty, keep; Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with-
 life that we might live, And the hands out-stretched to
 all Thy will o - bey, Like Thy bless - ed ones a-
 lamb's voice to hear; Suf - fer not our steps to

stand, None can take us from Thy hand.
 bless, Bear the cru - el nails im - press.
 bove, Hap - py in Thy pre - cious love.
 stray From the straight and nar - row way.

*This beautiful melody is well adapted to children's voices and sympathies, as well as the words. It should be sung very smoothly.

No. 25.

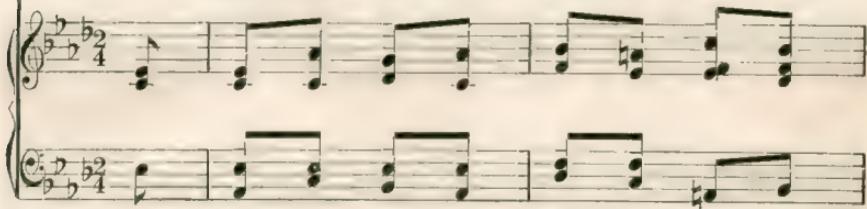
We'll Thank Our God.

HANNAH T. KING.

ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



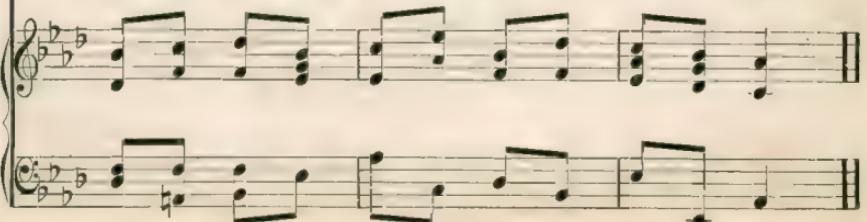
1. We'll thank our God for dai - ly bread, And
 2. We'll thank Him for the boon of health, That
 3. God bless this peo - ple ev - 'ry - where— His



all the boun - ties earth has spread; And for the bright pro-
 mine of rich - est, sweet - est wealth, And ne'er for - get, when-
 spir - it may they ev - er share, And then they'll know, by



lif - ie ray E - mit - ted by the king of day.
 e'er we bend, To thank Him for the faith - ful friend.
 day and night, What e'er be - tide them, all is right.



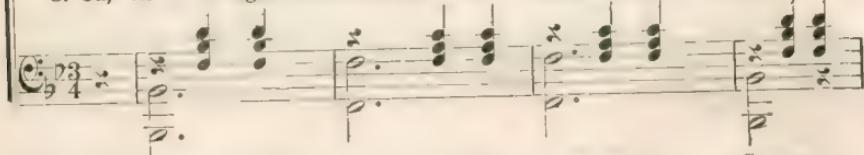
No. 26,

Shine On,

JOS. BALLANTYNE.



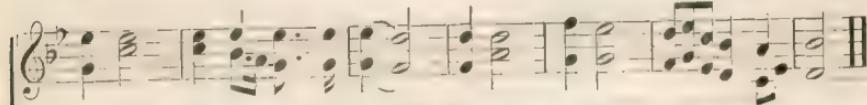
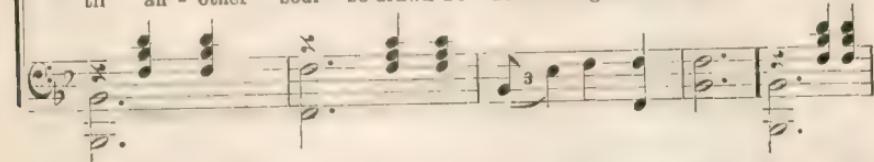
1. My light is but a lit - tle one, My light of faith and pray'r; But
 2. I may not hide my lit - tle light, The Lord has told me so; 'Tis
 3. Oh, lit - tle light shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine; Un-



CHORUS.



lo! it glows like God's great sun, For it was light-ed there.
 giv'n me to keep in sight That all may see it glow. Shine on,
 til an - other soul be drawn To seek the light di - vine.



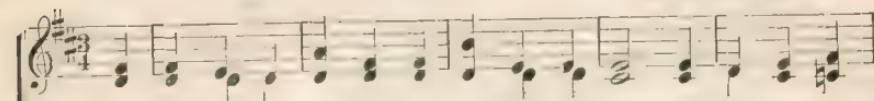
shine on, Shine on bright and clear; Shine on, shine on, the day is near.



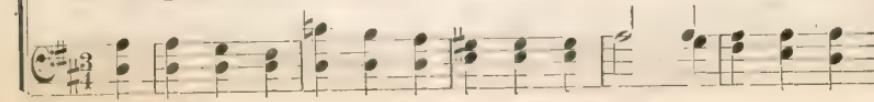
No. 27.

Our Father in Heaven.

ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



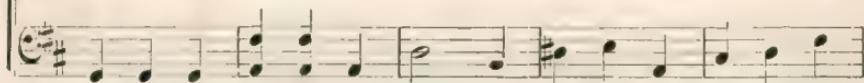
1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, We hal - low Thy name: May Thy king-dom
 2. For - give our trans-gressions, And teach us to know The hum-ble com-



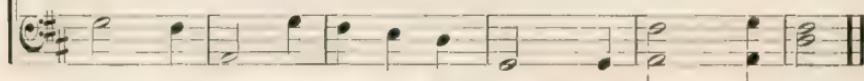
Our Father in Heaven.



ho - ly, On earth be the same; O give to us dai - ly Our
pas - sion That par - dons each foe; Keep us from temp - ta-tion—From



por - tion of bread; For 'tis from Thy boun - ty, That all must be fed.
weakness and sin, And Thine be the glo - ry For - ev - er. A - men.



No. 28. Who Shall Sing If Not the Children.

J. P. OLSEN.

Moderato.



1. Who shall sing if not the chil-dren? Did not Je - sus die for them?
2. Why to them are voic - es giv - en—Bird-like voic - es, sweet and clear?
3. Je - sus, when on earth so-journ-ing, Loved them with a per - fect love;



May they not with oth - er jew - els, Spark - le in his di - a - dem?
Why, un - less the songs of heav - en To be - gin to prac - tice here?
And will He, to heav'n re - turn-ing, Faith - less to His bless-ing prove?



No. 29.

I Thank Thee, Dear Father.

GEO. CARELESS.

1. I thank Thee, dear Fa - ther in heav - en a - bove, For Thy goodness and
2. Bless fa - ther, and com - fort my dear moth-er's heart, To broth-ers and
3. Help me to be good, kind and gen - tle to - day, And mind what my

mer - cy, Thy kind - ness and love; I thank thee for home, friends and
sis - ters Thy Spir - it im - part; Bless ev - 'ry good wom - an and
fa - ther and moth - er shall say; In the dear name of Je - sus, so

par - ents so dear, And for ev - 'ry bless - ing that I en - joy here.
ev - 'ry good man; Let peace fill the world, thro' the gos - pel's rich plan.
lov - ing and mild, I ask Thee to bless me and keep me Thy child.

No. 30. Loving Mother Kind and True.

W. C. CLIVE.

1. Lov - ing
2. Moth - er
3. Fa - ther's
4. Just to

Music score for the first system of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

Music score for the second system of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

moth-er kind and true, Bus - y fa - ther he works too, Earns the
gives her dai - ly care, Washing fac - es, comb-ing hair, Darn - ing
mon - ey buys our food, Moth-er cooks it sweet and good, They both
give us dai - ly bread, Nice warm fire and rest - ful bed, When we

Music score for the third system of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

Music score for the fourth system of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

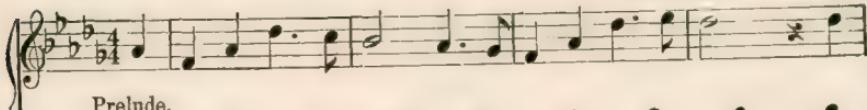
mon - ey for our clothes, Buys the goods that moth - er sews.
stock - ings,patch-ing too, Ma - ny things for me, for you.
work from morn till night, Just to keep our homes so bright.
grow up tall and strong, We can then help them a - long.

Music score for the fifth system of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

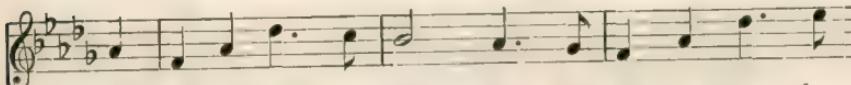
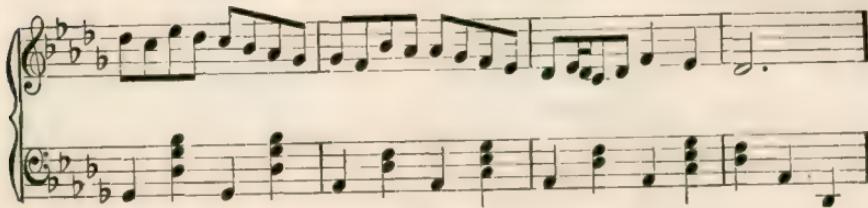
No. 31.

My Mother Dear.

Arr. by E. BEESLEY.



Prelude.



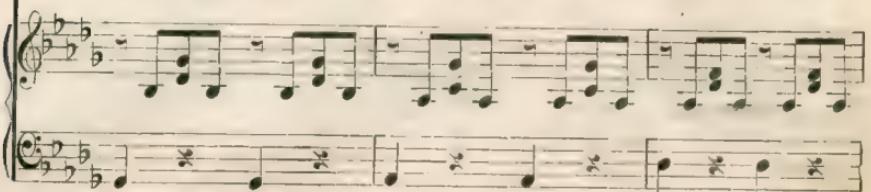
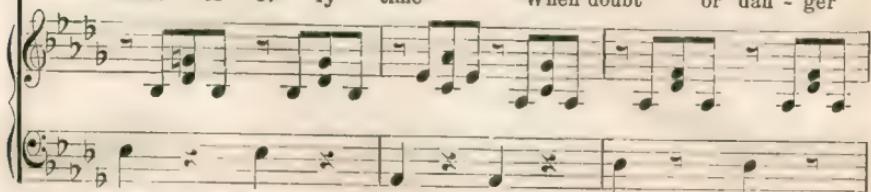
1. There was a place in child - hood That I re - mem - ber
2. When lov - ing tales were end - ed, "Good night," she soft - ly
3. In sick - ness of my chil - hood, And sor - rows of my



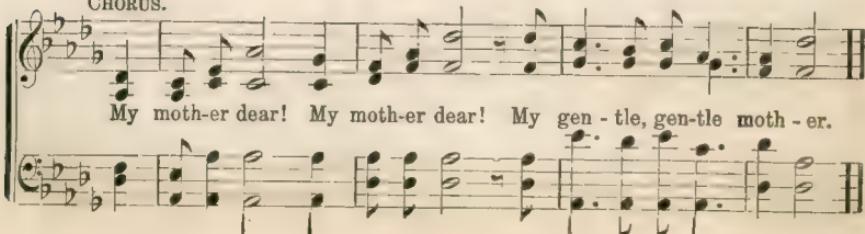
well, And there, a voice of sweet - est tones, Bright
said, And kissed, and laid me down to sleep, With-
prime; And grieves of all my rip - er years, And



My Mother Dear.



CHORUS.



No. 32.

Christmas Cradle Song.

JOS. BALLANTYNE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, hush thee my ba - by a sto - ry I'll tell, How lit - tle Lord
2. The sto - ry was told by the an - gels so bright, As 'round them was
3. The shep-herds here found Him As ang - els had said, The poor lit - tle

Je - sus on earth came to dwell; How in a far coun - try, way
shin - ing a heav - en - ly light; The stars shone out bright - ly but
stran - ger no crib for a bed; Down low in a man - ger so

o - ver the sea, Was born a wee ba - by My dear one like thee.
one led the way, And stood o'er the place Where the dear ba - by lay.
qui - et He lay, This lit - tle child Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.

CHORUS.

Lul - la - by ba - by, lul-la - by dear, Sleep lit - tle ba - by have noth - ing to fear;

Christmas Gradle Song.



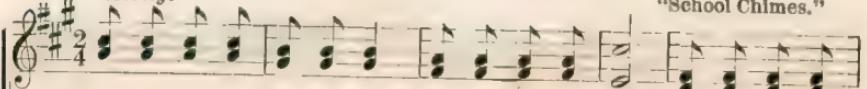
Lul - la - by ba - by, Lul - la - by dear, Je - sus will care for His lit - tle one here.



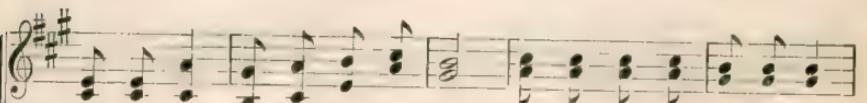
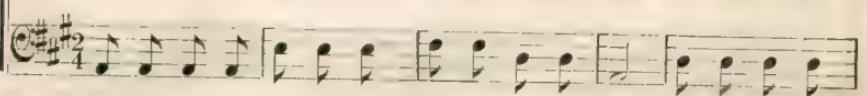
No. 33. Jolly Old Saint Nicholas.

Lively.

"School Chimes."



1. Jol - ly old Saint Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a
2. When the clock is strik - ing twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep, Down the chimney,
3. John-ny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a dolly; Nel - ly wants a



sin - gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is com - ing soon;
broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stockings you will find
sto - ry book; She thinks dolls are folly; As for me my lit - tle brain



Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
Hang - ing in a row; Mine will be the short - est one; You'll be sure to know.
Is - n't ver - y bright; Choose for me, Old San-ta Claus, what you think is right.



No. 31 A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.

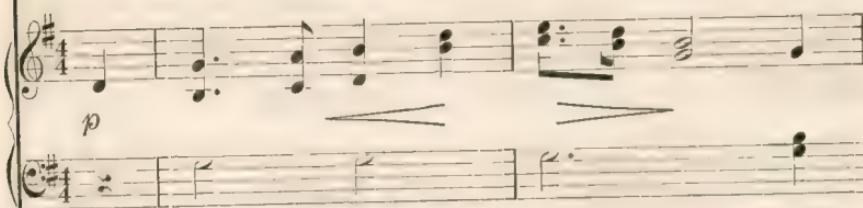
ORSON F. WHITNEY.

(Song for Christmas.)

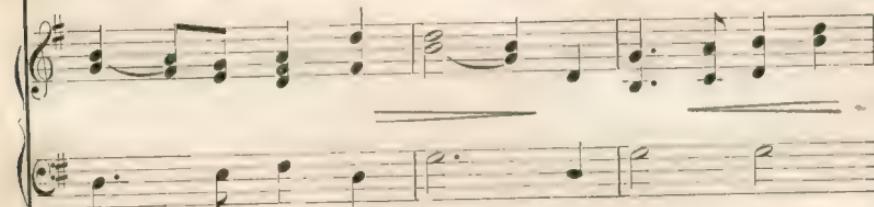
EDWIN F. PARRY.



1. A stran - ger star o'er Beth - le - hem Shot
 2. He wan - dered thro' the faith - less world, A
 3. He wept o'er doomed Je - ru - sa - lem, He



down its sil - ver ray, Where, cra - dled in a
 Prince in shep - herd's guise; He called His scat - tered
 tem - ple, walls and tow'rs; O'er pal - aces where rec-



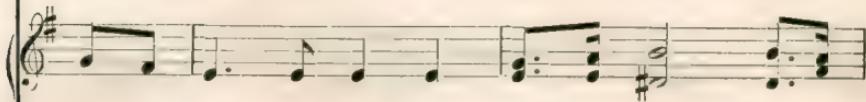
man - ger's fold, A sleep - ing in - fant lay;
 flock, but few The voice would rec - og - nize;
 re - ant priests U - surped un - hal - lowed pow'rs;



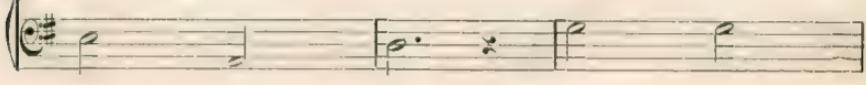
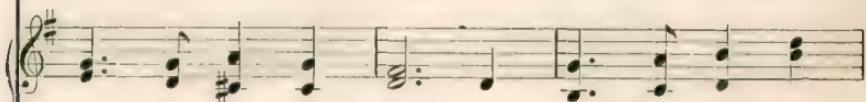
A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.



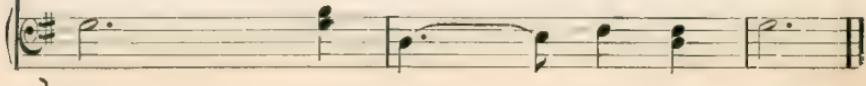
And guid - ed by that fin - ger bright, The
For minds up - borne by hol - low pride, Or
"I am the Way of Life and Light!" A-



O - rient sag - es bring Rare gifts of myrrh and
dimmed by sor - did lust, Ne'er look for kings in
las! 'twas heed - ed not— Ig - nored Sal - va - tion's



frank - in - cense, To hail the new - born King.
beg - gar's garb— For dia - monds in the dust.
mes - sage, spurned The won - drous truths He taught.



No. 35. This Is Mother, Kind and Tender,

Arr. by A. A. BEESLEY.



1. This is moth - er, kind and ten - der,
2. This is broth - er, brave and mer - ry,
3. This wee fin - ger is our ba - by,



Lov - ing all her chil - dren dear; This is fa - ther,
Grow - ing up so straight and tall; This is sis - ter,
Dear - est, sweet - est, best of all; Here you see - the



strong and faith - ful, His kind smile is full of cheer.
gay and hap - py, Play - ing with her dear - est doll.
hap - py fam - ily, Fa - ther, moth - er, chil - dren all.



No. 36.

Cradle Hymn.

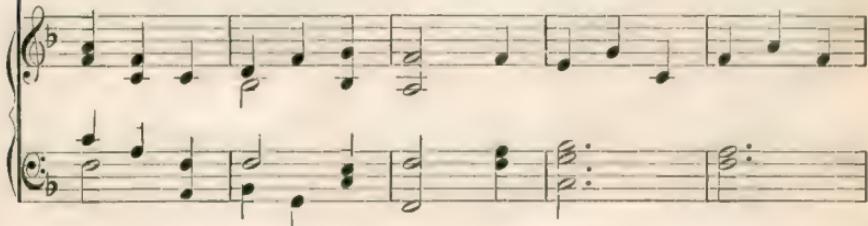
(Written by Martin Luther for his children.)



1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord



Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the heav - en Look'd
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look



down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle Till morn-ing is nigh.



No. 37.

Christmas Eve.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

Andante grazioso.

S:

1. Watch-ing in the mead-ows O'er their flocks by
 2. Hark, that joy - ous mes-sage! Mourners, cease to

*mf**cres.*

night, Shep-herds heard glad ti-dings, Saw heav'n's won - drous light!
 grieve! Join to hail with glad-ness Bless - ed Christ - mas Eve!

cres.

Hal - le - lu - jahs heard they From the An - gels then—
 Chil - dren, let those ti - dings Ring forth once a - gain:

*f**p**p*

Christmas Eve,



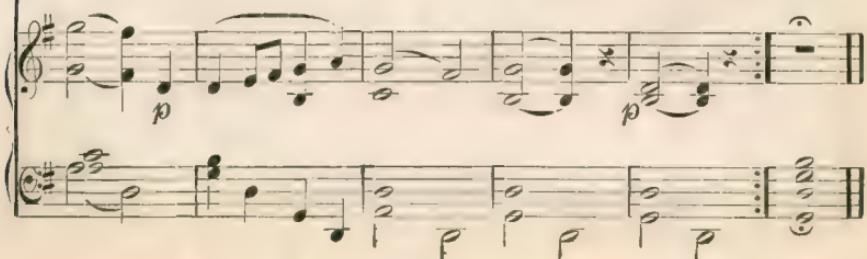
"Peace on earth" their mes - sage, And "Good - will to
"Glo - ry in the high - est," And "Good - will to



men!" "Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-will to men!"
men!" "Glo - ry in the high-est!" And "Good-will to men!"



"Peace on earth, Peace on earth."



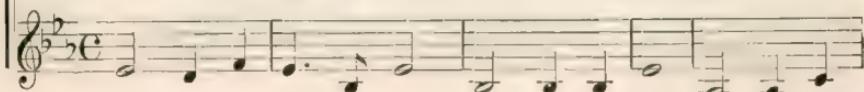
No. 38.

We Ever Pray for Thee.

Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.



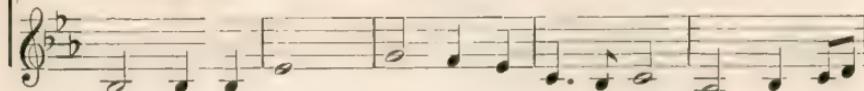
1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Proph - et dear, That God will
2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be
3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fer - vent love, And as the



give to thee com - fort and cheer; As the ad - vanc-ing years
giv - en thee to do thy part, To guide and coun - sel us
chil - dren's pray'r is heard a - bove, Thou shalt be ev - er blest,



fur - row thy brow, Still may the light with-in shine bright as
from day to day, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our
and God will give All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt



now, Still may the light with-in shine bright as now.
way, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.
live, All that is meet, and best, while thou shalt live.



No. 39.

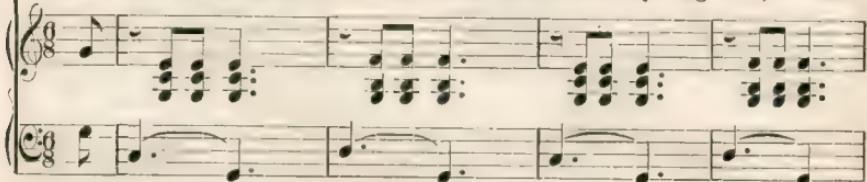
For Decoration Day.

Soulfully.

Music by J. J. McCLELLAN.



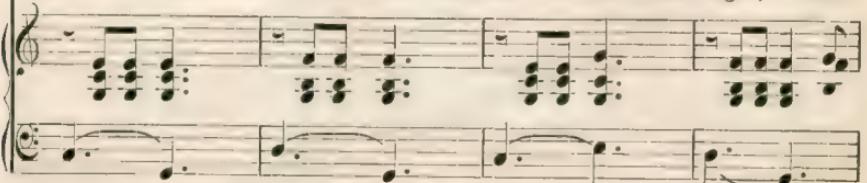
Let lit - tle hands bring blossoms sweet To brave men ly - ing low; Let



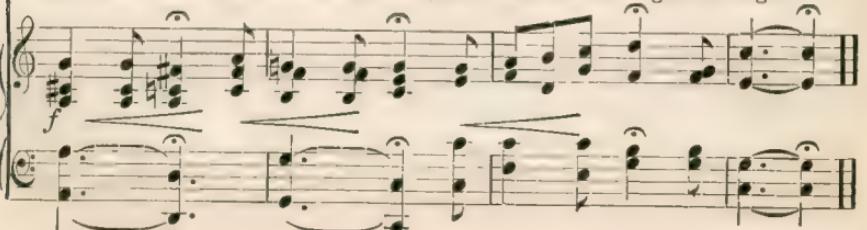
lit - tle hearts to sol - diers brave Their love and hon - or show; We'll



mf
love the flag they lov'd so well, The dear old ban - ner bright; We'll



f
love the land for which they fell, With soul and strength and might.



No. 40.

Who Was the Prophet?

Dialogue and Chorus.

Words by MRS. M. KELLY.

Music by WM. C. CLIVE.

Lift your voic - es lit - tle chil - dren, Sing your prais-es

Organ or Piano.

loud and clear, For we cel - e - brate the birth - day

of our Proph - et, Priest and Seer; For we cel - e -

rit.

brate the birth - day of our Proph - et, Priest and Seer.

rit.

Who Was the Prophet?

Dialogue and Chorus.

Words by MARY F. KELLY.

(Suitable for Prophet's Birthday celebrations.)

Music by W. C. CLIVE.

Recited by Boy:

Who was Joseph Smith, the Prophet?
Little sister, tell me, pray,
For they say it is his birthday
That we celebrate today!

For we celebrate the birthday
Of our Prophet, Priest and Seer.

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, I will tell you!
Joseph was a humble youth
But the noble soul within him
Burned with love of right and truth;
In reply to his petition
God our Father did unfold
All the fullness of the Gospel
As it was in days of old.

How I wish I could have known him,
Heard him speak, and seen his face,
Felt his loving arms around me
In a tender, sweet embrace!

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, but remember
Tho' on earth he could not stay,
We can follow in his footsteps,
On the straight and narrow way,
Learn the lessons that he taught us,
Try to keep them all in mind,
Then in heaven with the faithful
Brother Joseph we shall find.

Chorus of Children: No. 40.

Lift your voices, little children,
Sing your praises loud and clear,

Chorus of Children: No. 40.

Lift your voices, etc.

No. 41.

The Little New Year.

Words selected.

Music, ALVIN A BEESLEY.

1. Oh, I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come
2. Bless - ings I bring for one and all, Big folks and
3. For I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come

trip - ping it o - ver the snow, Shak - ing my bells with a
lit - tle folks, short and tall, Each one from me a
trip - ping it o - ver the snow, Shak - ing my bells with a

mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
treas - ure may win, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.

No. 42.

Brigham Young.

Ode to His Memory.

E. STEPHENS.

Maestoso.

f

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

1. Shout forth his name till the hills and the
2. Fields ev - er ver - dant and or - chards fruit-
3. Sing it ye peo - ple this day let it

mount - ains, Catch and re - eech - o it joy - ful and loud,
la - den, Smil - ing o'er erst - while a des - o - late land,
nes - tle, Lov - ing - ly, glow - ing - ly on ev - 'ry tongue,

8ves -

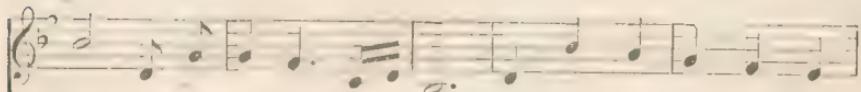
Brigham Young.



Pass - ing it on by the pine-cir - cled fount-ains,
Speak of his wis - dom, the thrift of his peo - ple,
Mu - sic and art join to - geth-er ex - toll - ing
O'er snow-clad
Guid - ed and
One name re-



Sempre,



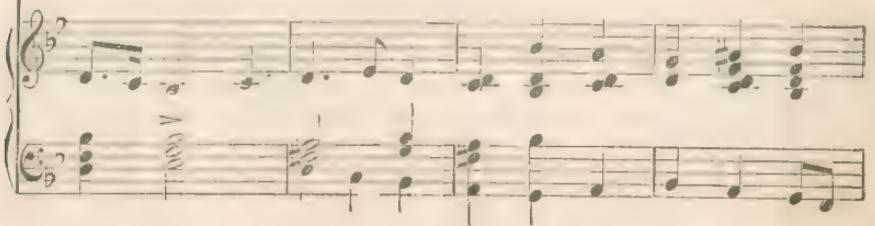
vered, our be - loved Brigham Young. Spread o'er his sa - cred dust



etc.



flow - ers of beau - ty, That in his foot - prints have



Brigham Young.



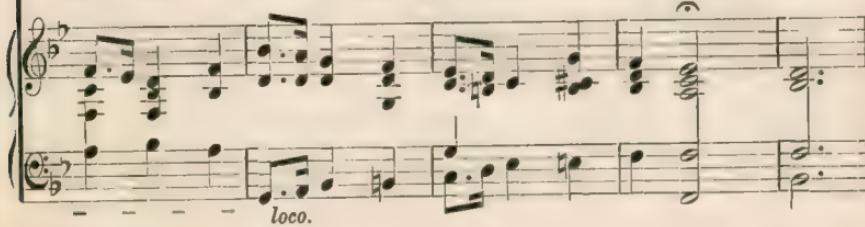
made them ap - pear,
love for his fame,
bount-eous - ly sprung,

Brig - ham, the found-er, the lead - er, the
But thro' all a - ges his race will still
Glo - ry to God for His son and His

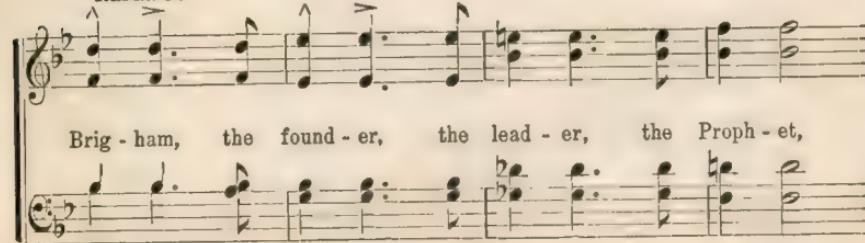
8ves.



Proph - et, Praise to his mem - 'ry we hold ev - er dear.
cher - ish, A - mong their he - roes his ev - er great name.
ser - vant, Lead - er and Proph - et, our own Brigham Young.

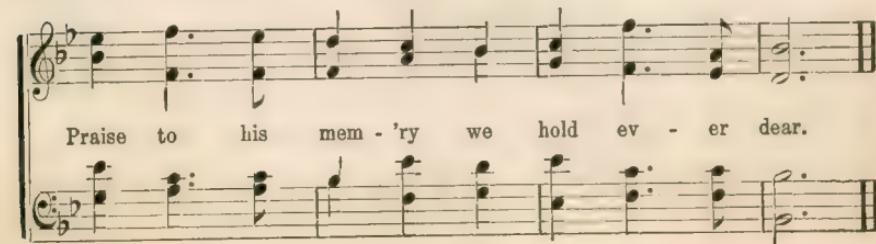


REFRAIN.



Brig - ham, the found - er, the lead - er, the Proph - et,

Praise to his mem - 'ry we hold ev - er dear.



No. 43.

Spring.

Scherzo.

Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.

1. Spring is trip-ping o'er the meadows, Scatt'ring sun - shine ev - 'ry where,
 2. Now the brook-let as it danc - es Down the hill so rough and steep,

Wak - ing up the grass and flow - ers With her pres-ence sweet and rare;
 Sings the song as on it pass - es To the lake - let fast a - sleep;

Come, come, come, come, Love - ly spring so sweet and fair.
 Come, come, come, come, Spring in sport a - bove thee leaps.

No. 44.

Summer.

Lively.

E. STEPHEN.

Hark! hark! hark! A bird is singing there in the tree, What can it be that it
 See! see! see! A rose-bud yonder nods to the sea, Lov-ing - ly blushes, then

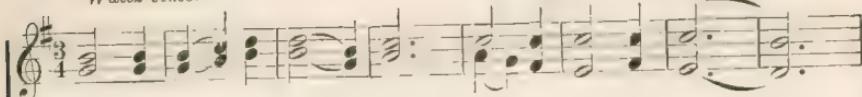
says to me, Loud and clear, now plain as can be, "Sum-mer, sum-mer is here!"
 says to me, "Watch me open, now don't you see, Sum-mer, sum-mer is here!"

No. 45.

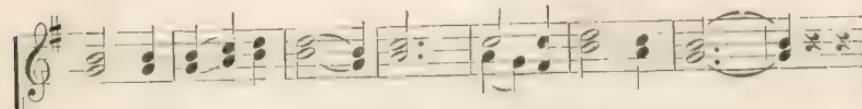
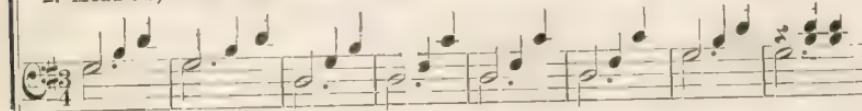
Summer Time.

Waltz time.

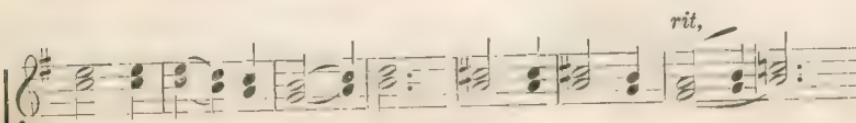
Music by JOS. BALLANTYNE.



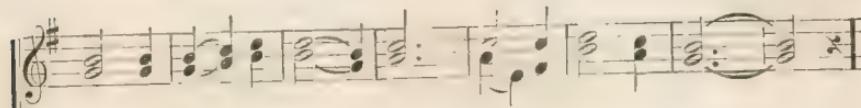
1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
2. Meadow, field and mount - ain Clothed in shin-ing green,



All your scenes so bri - liant, They are dear to me;
Lit - tle rip - pling fount - ains, Thro' the wil - lows seen;



Let your tho'ts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun,
Birds that sweet - ly war - ble, All the sum - mer days,



Gen - tle as the breez - es When the night comes on.
All things speak in mu - sic Their Cre - a - tor's praise.

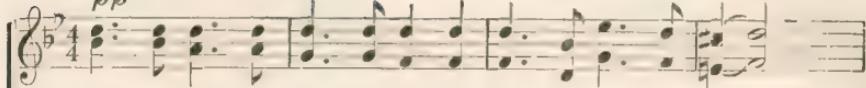


No. 46.

Autumn.

Soft and slow.

Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.

p

1. Leaves are fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, From the trees to - day;
2. Gen - tly low'r-ing, low'r-ing, low'r-ing, Gath - er 'round the clouds;

*sadly.*

Birds are call - ing, sad - ly call - ing, Let us fly a - way
 Soft - ly pour - ing, pour - ing, pour-ing, Snowflakes form a shroud,

*Faster. cres.*

To the south, for win - ter's com-ing, Haste the insects cease their humming,
 For the dear old earth to lie in, Bend-ing trees and breez - es sigh-ing,

*p*

Leaves are fall - ing, birds are call-ing, Win - ter comes this way.
 While the wea - ry world seems dy - ing, Au - tumn gloom enshrouds.



No. 47.

Winter.

SOLO OR 1ST TREBLES.

E. STEPHENS.

CHORUS.

1. The Win - - - ter
2. Oh, bright and

Jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,

King holds rev - el - ry to - night, And
hap - py is the new born year, And

jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling;

far and near the bells re - sound; A -
bright and happy time is youth; Let

Far and near the mer - ry bells resound; Jing-a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,
Bright and hap - py, hap - py time is youth; Jing-a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,

Winter.

bove the glist'n-ing snow the moon shines
in no - cence and mirth be ev - er
jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,

bright, The glid - ing sleighs glide o'er the
near, To light - en up the path of
jing, jing - a - ling, How the glid - ing sleighs slide o'er the
jing, jing - a - ling, Pleas - ure light - ens up the path of
ground; Mer - ry shouts far up the hills,
truth; Glide a - long as smooth and light,
ground, Jing - a - ling, jing, jing. Hur - rah! hur - rah!
truth, Jing - a - ling, jing, jing. Hur - rah! hur - rah!

Winter.



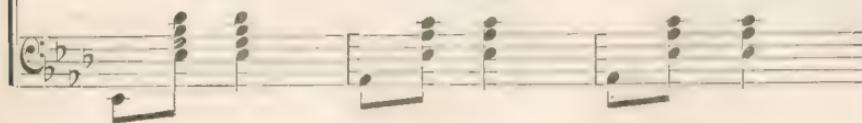
Ech - o o'er the froz - en rills, And gay and
As the fly - ing sleighs to - night, Till life and



hur - rah!

hur - rah!

Jing, jing - a-ling,



mer - ry is the win - ter night, While
all its toil and care is past, And



jing, jing - a-ling, jing, jing - a-ling, jing, jing - a-ling,



all the earth and heav'n shines bright.
end - less joy is ours at last.



All the earth and heav'n to - night is bright, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.
End - less joy and love is ours at last, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.



1. Lit - tle peo - ple, do you know What is
 2. Do you know what se - crets deep, All the
 3. Lit - tle folks, now do you know, Feb - ru-

un - der - neath the snow? Flow - ers pink and blue and
 woods of win - ter keep? Ah! the dar - ling lit - tle
 a - ry soon will go? Then will come the sun - ny

white, Big red ros - es, all a - glow, In their
 things, Down be - low the snow - banks heap! Fern leaves
 spring, When the snows will melt, and oh! How the

dark roots fold - ed tight, Till the mer - ry south winds blow.
 curled in ti - ny rings, Vio - let ba - bies fast a - sleep.
 mea - dow - brooks will sing, And the daf - fo - dil - lies blow.

No. 49. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ties of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea; With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal;" Let the he - ro
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light'ning of His ter - ri-ble, swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Battle Hymn of the Republic.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is march-ing on.



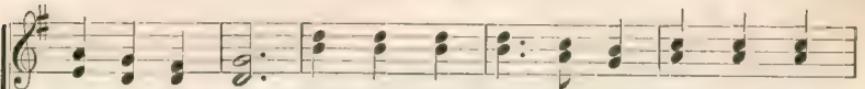
No. 50,

America.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



With energy.



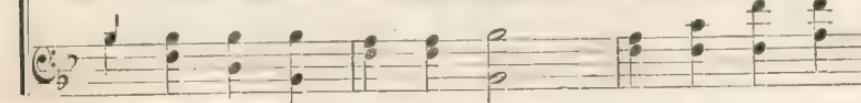
1. ♫ Hail Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! ♫ Hail, ye he - roes,
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more, De - fend your rights, de-
 3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his



heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who
 fend your shore! Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let
 coun - try stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The



fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where
 rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with vir - tue,



war had gone En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-
 sa - cred lies Of toil and blood, the well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring
 firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was



Hail Columbia.

pen-dence be our boast, ♩ Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; ♩
peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob-scur'd Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, ♩ Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and just - ice will pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.
stead - y mind, from chan-ges free, Re-solv'd on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - ly - ing 'round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

No. 52.

Red, White and Blue.

Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Allegro.

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threaten'd the
 3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true

brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,
 land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,
 sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er,

A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy man - dates make
 Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm: With the gar - lands of
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the serv - ice u -

he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
 vic - 'try a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true;

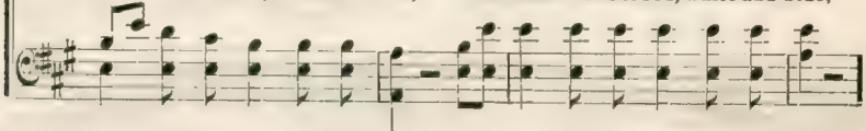
Red, White and Blue.



Thy ban - ners make ty - an - ny trem - ble, When
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three



bore by the red, white and blue, When bore by the red, white and blue,
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue,
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,



When bore by the red, white and blue, Thy ban - ners make
The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag float - ing
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The ar - my and



tyr - an - ny tremble, When bore by the red, white and blue.
proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



No. 53.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Voices in Unison.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore,
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-lights last gleaming,
 Where the foes haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
 That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
 Be - - tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
 A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
 Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
 As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
 Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - s'r'v'd us a na - tion!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:
From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS.

Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: oh, long may it wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 54.

Utah We Love Thee.

By E. STEPHENS.

1. Land of the moun - tains high, U - tah, we love thee;
 2. Co - lum - bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee;
 3. Land of the Pi - o-neers, U - tah, we love thee;

Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!
 Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!
 Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun - tain's crest,
 Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
 With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

In robes of state - hood dress'd, U - tah, we love thee.
 She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee.
 God guard - ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee.



1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - win,
2. And there we saw a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid;
3. And there was Gen'ral Wash-ing-ton, Up - on a snow white charg-er,



And there we saw the men and boys as thick as has - ty pud - ding.
And what they wast-ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
He looked as big as all out doors, Some tho't he was much larg - er.



CHORUS.



Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.



4 And there they had a copper gun

Big as a log of maple,

They tied it to a wooden cart,

A load for father's cattle.

5 And every time they shoot it off,

It takes a horn of powder,

And makes a noise like father's gun,

Only a nation louder.

6 And there I saw a little keg,

All bound around with leather,

They beat it with two little sticks,

To call the men together.

7 But I can't tell you half I saw,

They kept up such a smother,

I took my hat off, made a bow,

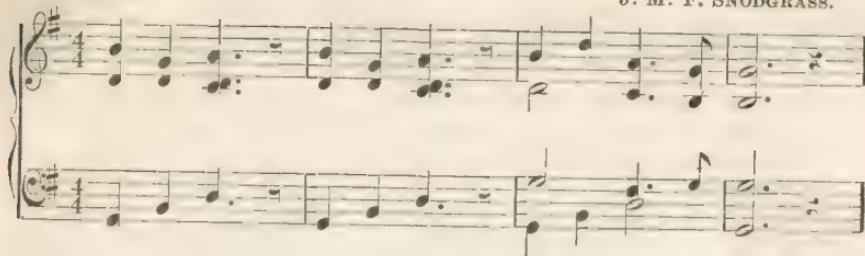
And camped home to mother.

No. 56

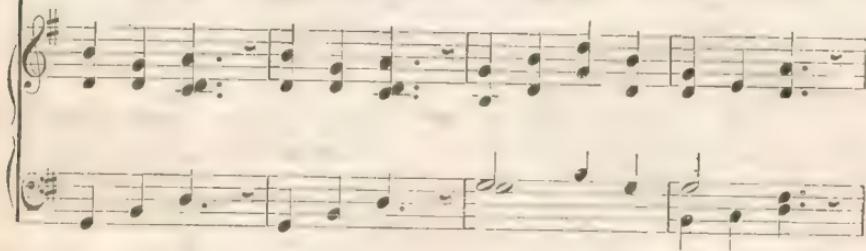
Baby Bye, Here's a Fly.

TILTON.

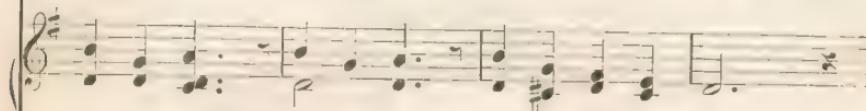
J. M. F. SNODGRASS.



1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, Let us watch him, you and I;
 2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread?
 3. All wet flies, twist their thighs, So they wipe their head and eyes;
 4. Flies can see more than we, So how bright their eyes must be!



How he crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls!
 That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck;
 Cats, you know, wash just so; Then their whiskers grow!
 Lit - tle fly, mind your eye, Spi - ders are near by;



Baby Bye, Here's a Fly.

rit.

I be - lieve with those six legs, You and I could walk on eggs!
I can show you, if you choose, Where he looks to find his shoes;
Flies have hair too small to comb; Flies go all bare-head-ed home;
For a se - cret I can tell, Spi - ders do not treat flies well;

a tempo.

here he goes, on his toes,
Three small pairs, made of hairs,
But the gnat wears a hat:
Haste a - way, do not stay,

a tempo.

Tick - ling ba - by's nose.
These he al - ways wears.
Do you laugh at that!
Lit - tle fly, good day!

(A musical recitation for six little girls.)

1st Singer.....Yellow Bird, (Med. voice.)
 2nd Singer.....Birdie Blue, (Med. voice.)
 3rd Singer.....Birdie Red, (Med. voice.)
 4th Singer.....Birdie Green, (High voice.)
 5th Singer.....Purple Bird, (Med. voice.)
 6th Singer.....Orange Bird, (High voice.)

The three first singers must wear the colors they represent; the other three appear in white, and at proper time should have a loose fitting dress of the color to be represented placed on them by the singers as indicated; for example, yellow and blue put on the green dress. All should enter from behind curtain or screen as their turns come. The motions should be imitations of flying birds.

1st Singer (Yellow.)
Allegretto.Words by
LULA GREENE RICHARDS.Music by
J. J. McCLELLAN.

Play I am a bird that sings; Play my arms and hands are wings;

I can dance but can-not fly; Lit-tle yel-low bird am I,

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

Yel-low Bird, Yel-low Bird am I, am I.

Color Birds.

2nd Singer (Blue.)

I'm a lit - tle bird - ie, too, Hap - py, danc - ing bird - ie Blue.

3rd Singer (Red.)

See my gauz - y wings I spread: I am danc - ing Bird - ie Red.

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

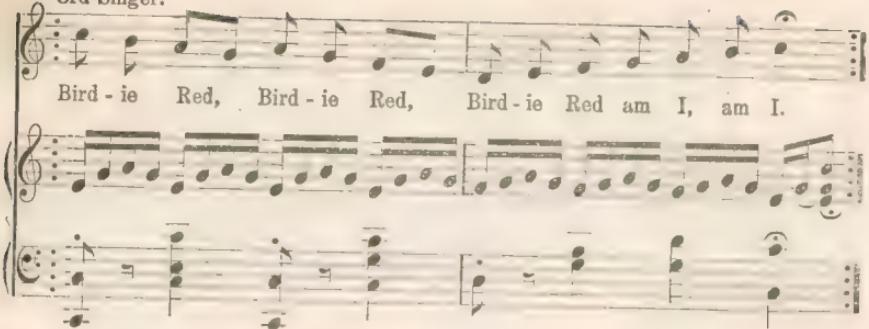
Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue am I, am I.

Color Birds.

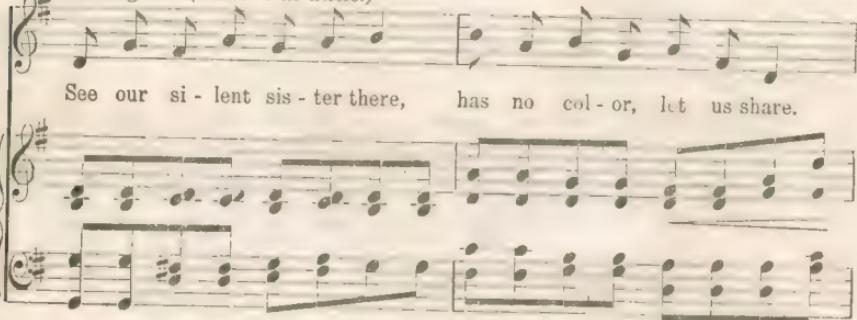
3rd Singer.



3rd Singer. (Treble clef, common time, 2/4 time signature indicated by a '2' over the '4'. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a piano accompaniment below.)

Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red am I, am I.

1st Singer. (Enter 4 in white.)



1st Singer. (Treble clef, common time, 2/4 time signature indicated by a '2' over the '4'. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a piano accompaniment below.)

See our si - lent sis - ter there, has no col - or, let us share.

2nd Singer. Both.



2nd Singer. Both. (Treble clef, common time, 2/4 time signature indicated by a '2' over the '4'. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a piano accompaniment below.)

I'll give; I'll give; come and sing, Blue and Yel - low Green will bring.

1st Singer.



1st Singer. (Treble clef, common time, 2/4 time signature indicated by a '2' over the '4'. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a piano accompaniment below.)

Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.

Color Birds.

2nd Singer.

Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue am I, am I.

3rd Singer.

Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red am I, am I.

4th Singer (Green.)

Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green am I, am I.

(Enter 5th in white.)

2nd Singer.

(3d to 5th Singer.)

Here's an - oth - er to be dress'd; Come and play a - mong the rest;

Color Birds.

2nd Singer.

2nd and 3rd Singer.

I'll give, I'll give, Come and sing, Red and Blue will Pur - ple bring.

1st Singer.

Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, am I, am I.

3rd Singer.

Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, am I, am I.

Color Birds.

4th Singer (*Green.*)

Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, am I, am I.

5th Singer (*Purple.*)

Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, am I, am I.

(Enter 6th in white.)

1st Singer.

Still an - oth - er friend has come, Lack-ing col - or, I'll give some;

3rd Singer.

So will I, do come and sing, Red and Yel-low, O-range bring.

Color Birds.

1st Singer.



Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.

This musical score for the 1st Singer consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music is in common time. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a dynamic 'tr' (trill) over the second measure. The lyrics 'Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.' are written below the notes.

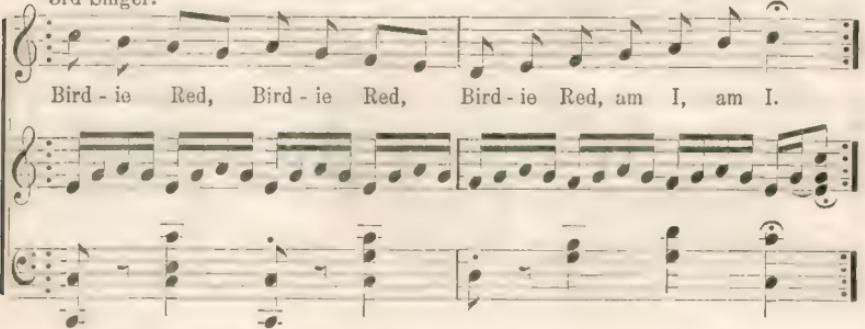
2nd Singer.



Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, am I, am I.

This musical score for the 2nd Singer consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music is in common time. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, am I, am I.' are written below the notes.

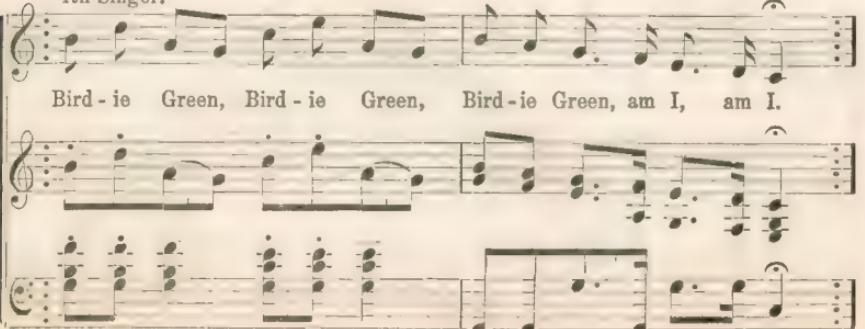
3rd Singer.



Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, am I, am I.

This musical score for the 3rd Singer consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music is in common time. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, am I, am I.' are written below the notes.

4th Singer.



Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, am I, am I.

This musical score for the 4th Singer consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music is in common time. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, am I, am I.' are written below the notes.

Color Birds.

5th Singer (*Purple.*)

Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, am I, am I.

6th Singer (*Orange.*)

O - range Bird, O - range Bird, O - range Bird, am I, am I.

All. (Three voices in each part.)

We'll be mer - ry as the birds, Speak-ing, sing-ing pleas-ent words;

rit. molto.

Love and kind-ness, joy will bring, All must give that all may sing;

Color Birds.

(Two voices in each part.)

Chil-dren glad, chil-dren glad, Chil-dren glad are we,
 1 2 4 5 5 3 2 1 2 4 5 4 2 1
 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5
 ritard.
 Chil-dren glad, chil-dren glad, Chil-dren glad are we.
 1 2 4 5 3 2 1 1 2 4 ritard.
 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5 2 1 3 5

NOTE.—Each chorus through may be repeated at pleasure. The little girl chosen to sing the part of the 6th singer, should possess the highest voice, the 4th singer a close second.

No. 58.

Hand Exercise Song.

Selected.

1. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As slow - ly, as slow - ly, as slow can
2. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As swift - ly, as swift - ly, as swift can

be; Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.

3 Clap your hands, clap your hands,
 As softly, as softly, as soft can be;
 Then fold your arms like me, like me,
 Then fold your arms like me.

4 Clap your hands, clap your hands,
 As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be;
 Then fold your arms like me, like me,
 Then fold your arms like me.

5 Go to sleep, go to sleep,
 As lazily, as lazily, as lazy can be;
 Then bow your head like mine, like mine,
 Then bow your head like mine.

6 All wake up, all wake up,
 As brightly, as brightly, as bright can be;
 Then fold your arms like me, like me,
 Then fold your arms like me.

No. 59

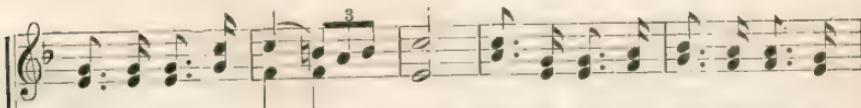
Good-night.

Moderato.

Selected.



1. Good-night, good - night, and peace be with you,
 2. Good-night, good - night, oh, gen - tly breathe it,



Peace, that gentlest part - ing strain, Peace to - night and joy to-mor-row,
 'Tis a pray'r for those we love, Peace to - night and joy to-mor-row,



Peace to - night,



And may He who shields the spar - row Guard us till we
 And may He who shields the spar - row Hear us from his



Good - night.



meet a - gain,
 courts a - bove,

Good - night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
 Good - night, good-night, good-night, good-night.



No. 60.

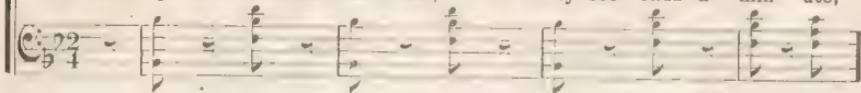
Recitation Song.

C. A. C. HADSELL.

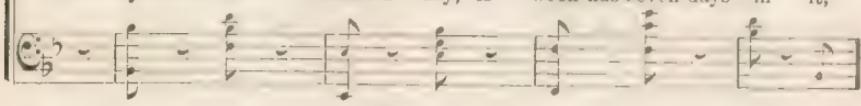
Yankee Doodle.



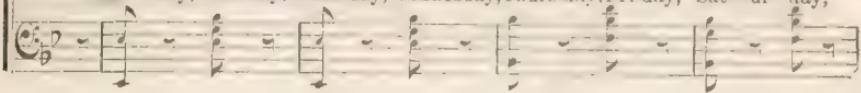
1. Oh, Yan-kee Doo - dle is the tune We boys and girls de - light in,
 2. Sep - tem - ber gives us thir - ty days, June, A - pril and No - vem - ber,
 3. Six - ty min - utes make an hour, Six - ty sec - onds a min - ute,



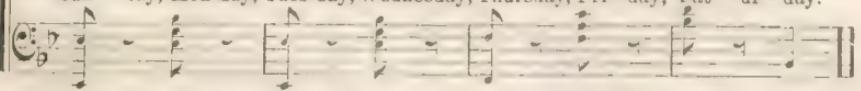
'Twill do to whis - tle, sing or play, And best of all re - cite in,
 The rest have thir - ty - one, al - ways, As you may well re - mem - ber,
 Twen - ty - four hours make a day, A week has seven days in it,



Five times five are twen - ty - five, Five-time six are thir - ty,
 Feb - ru - a - ry's twen - ty - eight, The number's some-times bigger,
 Sun - day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat - ur day,



Five times seven are thir - ty - five, And five times eight are for - ty.
 One year in four there's one day more, When twen-ty-nine's the fig - ure.
 Sun - day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs-day, Fri - day, Sat - ur day.



4 S-u-n Sun d-a-y day,
 The first of all the seven,
 And we must do no work or play,
 For so the mandate's given;
 Since 'tis a divine decree,
 We'll try and not forget it,
 Of heart and hand we'll watchful be,
 And we shall ne'er regret it.

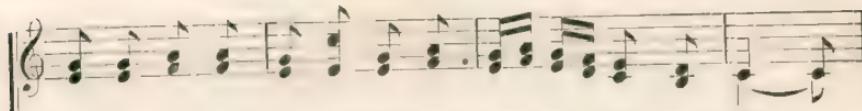
5 M-o-n Mon d-a-y day
 And this was made for labor,
 So we must find some deed that's kind,
 To do for self or neighbor.
 T-u-e-s-d-a-y, day,
 Pronounce it at your pleasure,
 We'll try no more, the other four
 Will yield to rhyme nor measure.

6 We've learned about the kingdoms three,
 Arithmetic and Spelling,
 Reading, Drawing—O dear me!
 We'd tire you with the telling;
 Geography and Botany,
 We grapple them quite handy,
 And when they're done, we have some fun
 With Yankee doodle dandy.

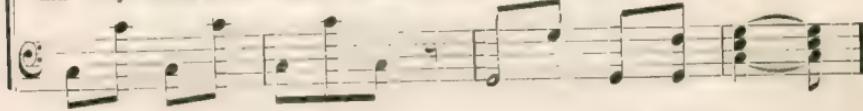
7 "Yankee Doodle" is the tune
 We boys and girls delight in,
 'Twill do to whistle, sing or play
 And best of all recite in.
 Five times nine are forty-five,
 Five times ten are fifty,
 Five times 'leven are fifty-five,
 And five times twelve are sixty.



1. O, hap - py joy - ous meet - ing day! With hearts and voices glad and gay, Good
 2. O, come and see the shin - ing light, The Gos - pel lamp il - lum - ine bright, God's
 3. The les - sons taught at Pri - ma - ry Are spreading fast from sea to sea, Where



chil - dren, haste, make no de - lay, To join us in our song.
 an - gels oft - en take their flight To help the work a - long.
 ma - ny souls are being set free To help the work a - long.



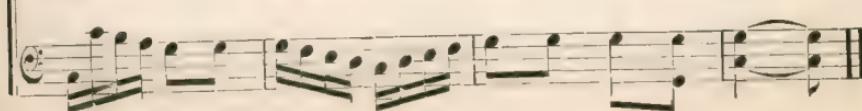
CHORUS.



All hail our glo - rious Pri - ma - ry! In cho - rus full and strong, We



praise the Lord at Pri - ma - ry, And help the work a - long.



Allegretto.

D. C. 1.2.3. The boy who never rose at dawn, When

FINE.

I should not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
 But I'd not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
 May think he knows life's true-est joy— But I'd not care to

D. C. al fine.

(For a concert.)

Music by SCHUBERT.
Arr. by A. C. SMYTH.

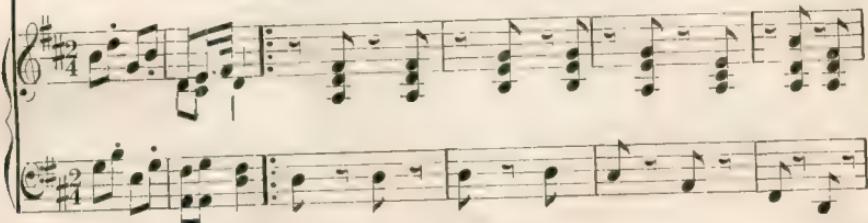
OLIVER BRAND.

Not too fast.

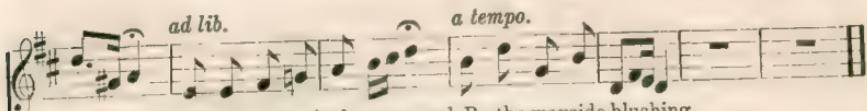
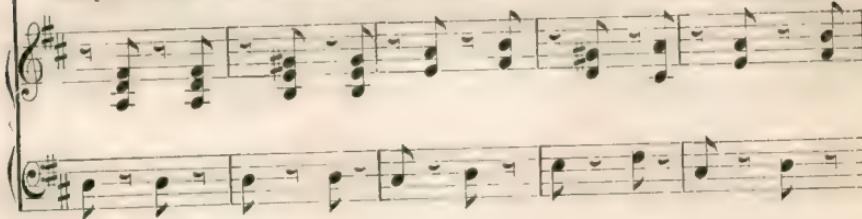
UNISON. May be sung as a Solo.



1. Spied a child, a rose one day, By the wayside blushing,
 2. Thou art mine, dear wild rose red, By the wayside blushing,
 3. Care-less-ly he cull'd the flow'r, By the wayside blushing,



And its tints so bright and gay Shone as when the sun of May Morn-ing skies are
 But the flow'r re - ply-ing said, ' Thorns shall meet thy hand instead, All thy ar - dor
 Sharpest thorns displayed their pow'r, Weeping he laments the hour, Red, red blood is



flushing, Little hedge-rose,hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
 hushing, "Little hedge-rose,hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
 gushing, Little hedge-rose,hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.



*Is a model of perfect melody, written by a grand master. When learned to sing with taste the children will love this little song.

No. 64.

Song Dialogue for Boys.

Words by
LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

A class of as many boys as desired may be chosen to sing the repeats. The four leading singers may be placed at intervals in the class or altogether. Uniform dress, slight imitation of soldiers, may be used. A boys' band, also in uniform, playing the music, will increase the interest. One boy with flute, harmonica, drum, or other instrument will do.

(Music enters, playing "Yankee Doodle." Boys follow, marching to music, and form in line or semi-circle, first singer sings.)



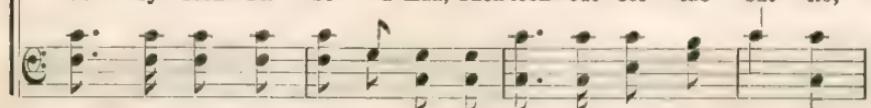
My moth-er says I grow so fast, She can-not keep¹ my meas-ure;



I eat so much and play so hard, And am so fond of pleas-ure!



Ve - ry soon² I'll be a man, Then look³ out for the bat - tle;



For I'll be⁴ a sol - dier brave, And make⁵ the ri - fles rat - tle!



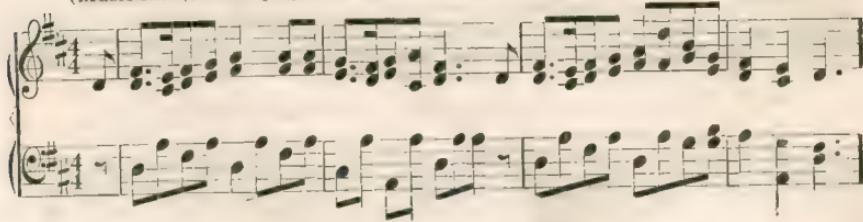
(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing, "Very soon he'll be a man," etc.)

MOTIONS. 1. Raises hand over head 2 Stretches up, hands on hips. 3. Turns to second boy, shoving up sleeves as if to strike. 4. First position of soldier with arms. 5. Position for shooting. 6. Pulls handkerchief from pocket. 7. Wraps handkerchief around left arm. 8. Spread hands gently. 9. Places left arm across left breast and pats it softly. 10. Strokes cheek. 11. Spreads hands gently. 12. Raises and clasps hands, and raises eyes. 13. Bends knees, half kneeling, and eyes still raised. 14. Reaches out hands. 15. Places hand on head. 16. Reaches out hands. 17. Draw hands toward breast. 18. Points upward. 19. Reaches out hand. 20. Places hand on head 21. Reaches out hands. 22. Bring hands toward breast. 23. Indicate this with head and hand. 24. Each two boys clasp right hands. 24. Every second boy gently draws other boy's hand under left arm. Music leads march and all march 'round and off, singing last 4 measures.

—L. L. Greene Richards.

Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes and plays "The Maid of Monterey," and second singer sings.)



And I'll be your com-pa - ion, But not to use your guns; I'll



be a kind, wise sur - geon, To help the wounded ones; I'll
He'll



have⁶ my bandage read - y, The wound⁷ will soon be dressed; I'll
have his bandage read - y, The wound will soon be dressed; He'll



Song Dialogue for Boys.

Repeat D. S.



cure⁸ all those who can be cured, And cheer⁹ and soothe¹⁰ the rest.



(Repent last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing "He'll have his bandage ready," etc.)

(Music changes to "Red, White and Blue," and third singer sings.)



Oh, boys! I shall want to go with you, To see what the



world is a - bout; I think you can make me your chaplain,



I'll learn to be grave and de - vot! And when the last



Song Dialogue For Boys.

bat - tle is o - ver, And¹¹ "Peace to the earth" is the word,

You will own that the¹² prayers of your chap-lain, With the¹³

Class joins in.

prayers of your mothers were heard; And¹¹ "Peace to the earth" is the word,

And¹¹ "Peace to the earth" is the word, We will own that the¹²

prayers of our chaplain, With the¹³ prayers of our moth - ers were heard.

prayers of our chaplain, With the¹³ prayers of our moth - ers were heard.

Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes to "Jeanette and Jeannot" and the fourth singer sings.)

Music for the first section of the dialogue, featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. A large 'S' is placed between the two staves.

Music for the second section of the dialogue, featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

We will all be mis - sion-ar - y boys, And spread the Gos-pel light;¹⁹ The

Music for the third section of the dialogue, featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Music for the fourth section of the dialogue, featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Pa - triarchs²⁰ have said we should, And this we know is right. We will

Music for the fifth section of the dialogue, featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Song Dialogue for Boys.



teach the na-tions²¹ far and near,²² That strife and war must cease,²³ And



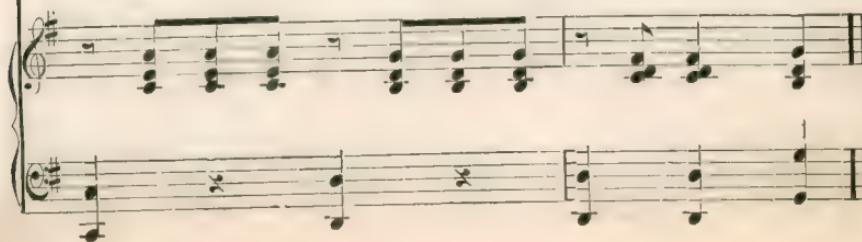
we must²⁴ clasp each oth-er's hands, And²⁵ walk in love and peace, And



Repeat D. S.



we must²⁴ clasp each oth-er's hands, And²⁵ walk in love and peace.



No. 65.

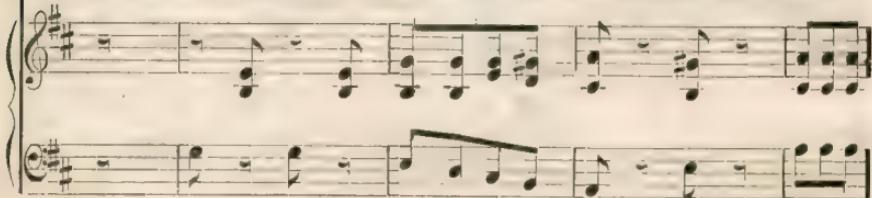
One, Two, Three.

A. C. SMYTH.
Feb. 1903.

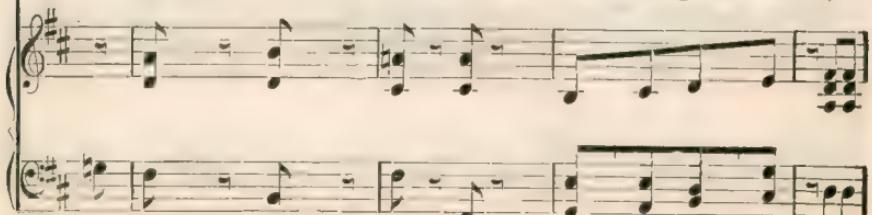
1. It was an old old la - dy And a boy who was half past three,
2. They sat in the yellow sunlight Out un - der the ma - ple tree,
3. The boy would bend his face down On his one lit - tle sound right knee,
4. You are up in papa's big bed-room, In the chest with the queer old key,



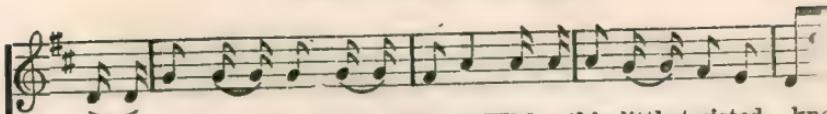
And the way they played to - geth - er Was beau - ti - ful to see;
 And the game they played I'll tell you, Just as it was told to me;
 And he'd guess where she was hid - ing, In guess - es one, two, three;
 And she said, you are warm and warm-er, But you're not quite right, said she;



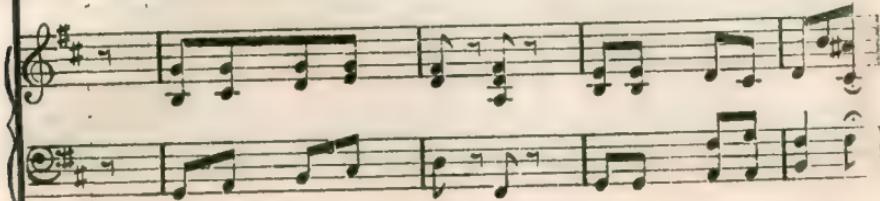
She couldn't play running and jumping, And the boy, no more could he,
 'Twas hide and go seek they were playing, Tho' you'd never have known it to be,
 You're in the chi - na clos - et! He would cry and laugh with glee,
 It can't be the lit - tle cupboard, Where mama's things used to be,



One, Two, Three.



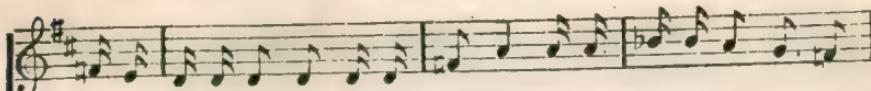
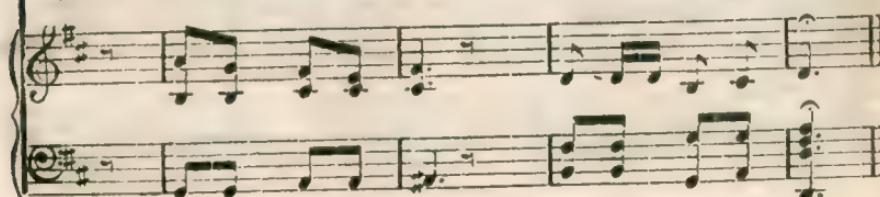
For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin little twisted knee,
With an old, old, old, old lady, And a boy with a twisted knee,
It wasn't the chi-na closet, But he still had two and three,
So it must be the clothes-press grandma, And he found her with his three,



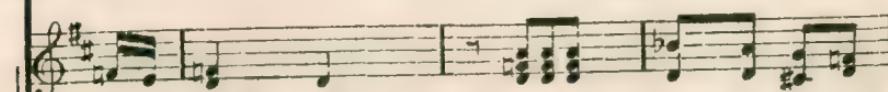
Slower pp rall.



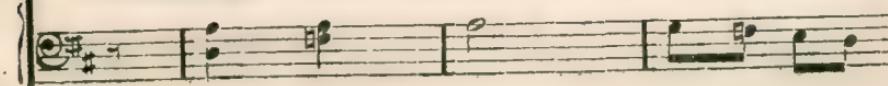
With a thin, little, twisted knee, With a thin, little, twisted knee
And a boy with a twisted knee, And a boy with a twisted knee
But he still had two and three, But he still had two and three.
And he found her with his three, And he found her with his three.



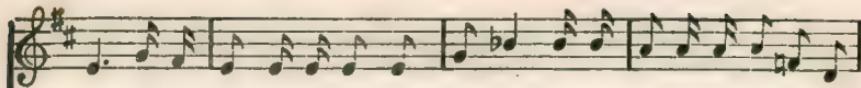
5. Then she cover'd her face with her fingers, They were wrinkl'd and white and



With tremolo stop.



One, Two, Three.



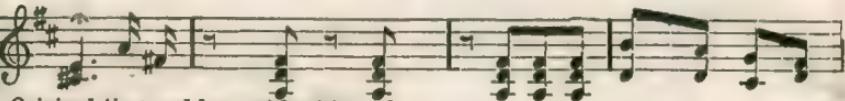
wee, And she guessed where the boy was hiding, With a one and a two and a



Original tempo.



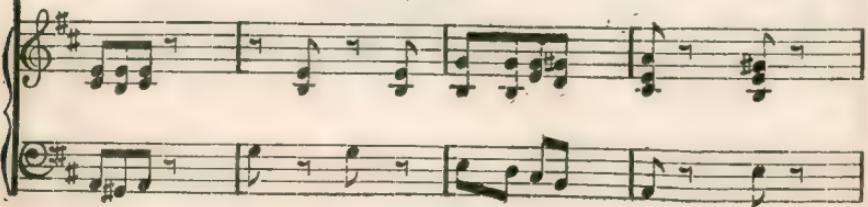
three, And they never had stirred from their places, Right under the maple



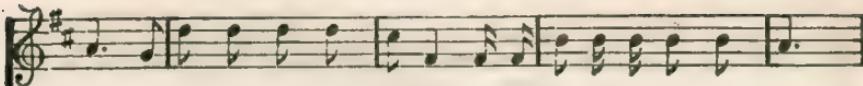
Original time and key, without tremolo.



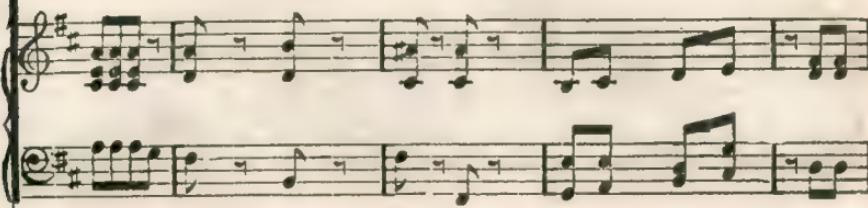
tree. This old, old, old, old, la-dy, And the boy with the lame little



One, Two. Three.



knee, This dear, dear, dear, old la - dy, And the boy who was half past three.



This dear, dear, dear, old lady, And the boy who was half past three.



And the boy was half past three, And the boy who was half past three.



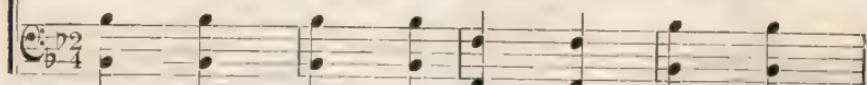
No. 66. Welcome, Friends of Song.

Moderato.

Selected.



1. Young and a - ged, short and tall, Mar - ried or sin - gle, In
2. While the air with mu - sic rings, Ban - ish all sor - row; O
3. Crit - ics, be not too se-vere, Snarl - ers, don't grum - ble, We



CHO. Wel - come, wel - come, friends of song, Glad - ly we greet you; We

D. C. for Chorus.



har - mo - ny we wel - come all Free - ly to min - gle.
don't chat - ter while we sing You can talk to - mor - row.
don't pro-fess per-fect - ion here, We are but hum - ble.

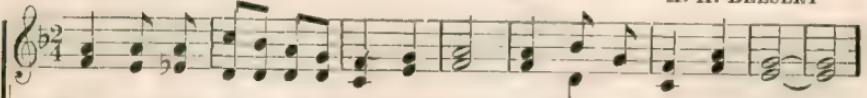


hope the hour will not seem long, While we try to please you.

No. 67.

The Busy Bee.

A. A. BEESLEY



1. How doth the lit - tle bus - y bee Im - prove each shin - ing hour,
2. How skill - ful - ly she builds each cell— How neat she spreads the wax;
3. In works of la - bor and of skill, I should be bus - y too;



And gath - er hon - ey all the day, From ev - 'ry open - ing flow'r.
And la - bors hard to store it well With the sweet food she makes.
For Sat - an finds some mis - chie - ful still, For i - dle hands to do.



No. 68.

Be in Time.

JANE B. SNYDER

THOMAS POWER.



1. Come, come, come! Haste a - way: don't de - lay; 'Tis the chil - dren's
 2. Come, come, come! When we meet, you will see, Lit - tle chil - dren
 3. Come, come, come! Not a tear; not a fear: Nor a sor - row



cres.



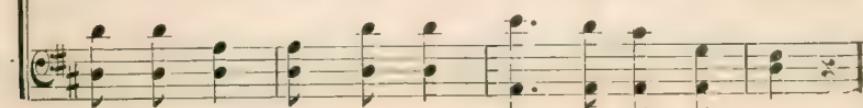
meet - ing day. Hearts are light: fac - es bright; What a hap - py sight.
 all a - gree, Lov - ing truth: in their youth; Hap - py will they be.
 is known here. We'll do right: with our might; As we old - er grow.

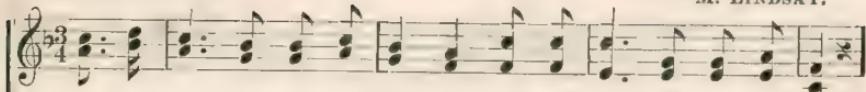


Come while yet the dews of morn, Na - ture all with gems a - dorn,
 Come and join our bus - y throng; Come and help the work a - long.
 Come and help us sing for joy; Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy.

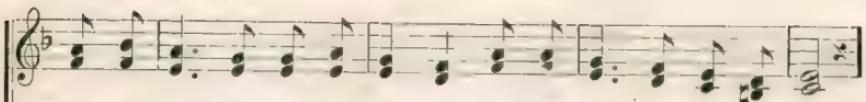


Be in time; rain or shine; Or - der is di - vine.





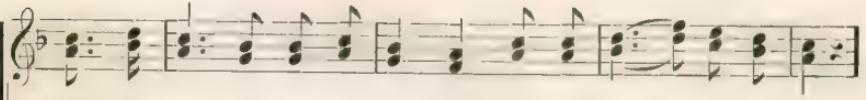
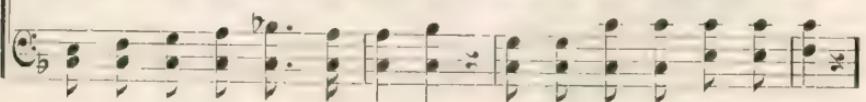
1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty, I re - mem - ber long a - go;
 2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their home;
 3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who re - mind us of the past,



Laugh-ing 'round the Christmas fire - side, Brightened by its rud - dy glow;
 Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forced to roam;
 But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last;



Or in summer's balm - y eve - nings, In the field up - on the hay?
 Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Lon - ger here they might not stay,-
 Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say?



They have all dis - pers'd, and wan - der'd Far a - way, far a - way,
 They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way,
 Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way,



Far Away.



They have all dis-per-s'd, and wan-der'd Far a - way, far a - way.
They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.
Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way.

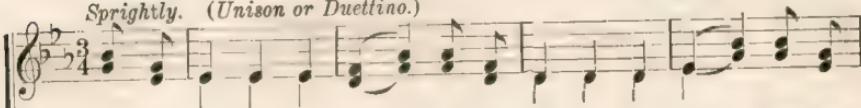
No. 70.

"Trip it Lightly."

(For a concert.)

From ROSSINI.
Arr. by A. C. SMYTH.

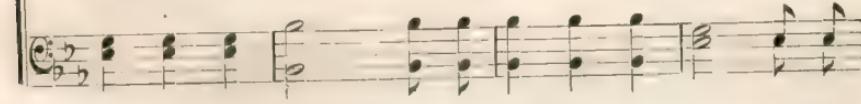
Sprightly. (Unison or Duettino.)



1. Trip it light-ly a - long, Sing-ing gai - ly a song; Keep-ing
2. Hap - py, hap - py are we! Full of brightness and glee, As the
3. Not a sor - row or care, Nor a trou - ble we wear; And we



meas - ure you know, . As to - geth - er we go! Trip it
birds are that sing, . On the bright days of Spring. Hap - py,
fear not a foe, . But en - joy as we go. Not a



light - ly, sing-ing gai - ly, Keep-ing meas - ure as we go.
hap - py, full of bright-ness, As the birds are in the Spring.
sor - row, or a trou - ble, And we fear not a - ny foe.



No. 71.

My Father Dear.

E. R. SNOW.

A. C. SMYTH.

UNISON. *Moderato with simplicity.*

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. My own dear lov - ing fa - ther. Most good and kind to me; My
2. My earthly gifts and blessings, From father's bounties flow; O,
3. I think up - on his kindness, and fond emotions swell, From

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

heart is full of gratitude As heart of child can be. The
how shall I the debt repay? What can a child be - stow? I
pure affection's fountain streams, And more than words can tell, The

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

sweetest tones cannot express What my warm bosom feels, For
will not deign an offer - ing From mammon's shining mart; A
purpose of my heart shall be, My grat - i - tude to prove, And

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

My Father Dear.

all the love and ten - derness A father's care reveals.
richer to - ken I will bring—A tribute from the heart. My
with my life's in - teg - ri - ty, To tes - ti fy my love.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line is in the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bottom staff. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

CHORUS.

father dear, My father dear, My own, my loving fa - ther. My

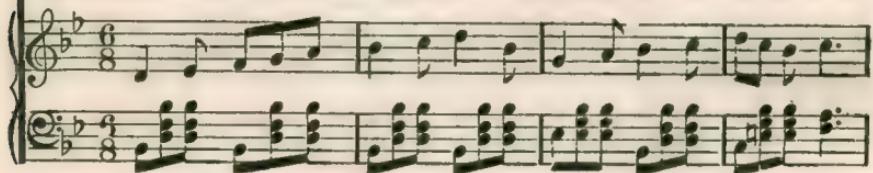
The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line is in the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the middle and bottom staves. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

father dear, My father dear, My own kind, loving fa - ther.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line is in the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the middle and bottom staves. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

Moderato.

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as they fall;
 2. Hearts and homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see;

*Fine.*

Making each the other's treasure—Once divided los - ing all.
 Fitting shrines for purest feelings—Temples meet to bend the knee.

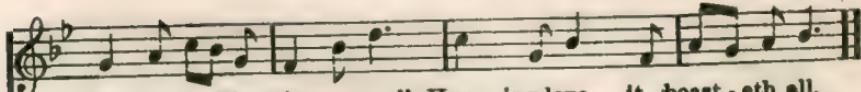


Homes, they may be high or low - ly, Hearts alone can make them holy.
 Infant hands bright garlands wreathing; Happy voices, incense breathing—



Hearts and Homes.

D. C. for Chorus.



Be the dwelling e'er so small, Hav ing love, it boast - eth all.
Emblems fair of realms a-bove; Love is heav'n and heav'n is love.



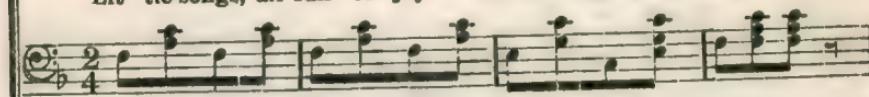
No. 73.

Little Songs.

J. P. OLSEN.



Lit - tie songs, all full of joy Lit - tie lips can sing;



Little voices soft and sweet, May their tribute bring.



Little verses can express, What we wish to tell,



Of the lov - ing care that keeps Lit - tie folks so well.



No 74.

Dare to do Right.

May be sung in two or three parts by following organ score.

UNISON. Not too fast.

Arr. by A. C. S.

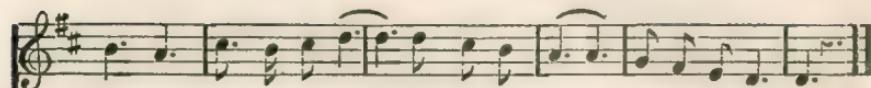
1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no
2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Other men's failures can
3. Dare to do right! dare to be true! God who cre - at - ed you
4. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Keep the great judgment seat

oth - er can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
nev - er save you. Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
cares for you too; Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
al - ways in view, Look at your work as you'll look at it then—

REFRAIN.

Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Stand like a he - ro and battle till death. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head.
Scan'd by Jehovah, and angels and men.

Dare to do Right.



Dare, dare, dare to be true, Dare to be true, Dare to be true.

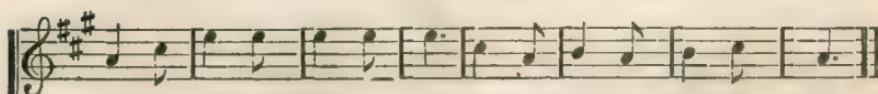


No. 75. We'll All Stand Up Together.

MOTION SONG.



1. We'll all stand up to - geth - er, We'll all stand up to - geth-



er' We'll all stand up to - geth - er, And nicely in a row.



2. We'll all clap hands together, etc.
3. We'll all keep step together, etc.
4. We'll all turn round together, etc.

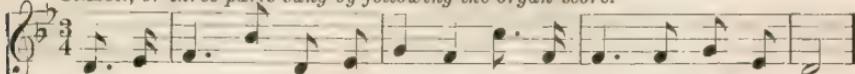
5. We'll all join hands together, etc.
6. We'll all sit down together, etc.
7. We'll all love one another, etc.
Just as we ought to do.

No. 76. In the Chambers of the Mountains.

EMMELINE B. WELLS

A. C. SMYTH, Feb., 1903.

UNISON, or three parts sung by following the organ score.



1. In the cham - bers of the mountains Are a no - ble, might y band,
2. Hosts of chil - dren here are grow-ing, In these mount-ain vales so fair;
3. Let us teach these precious chil-dren, Ev 'ry pre - cept to o - obey,
4. On-ward! be the watch-word ev - er, Per-se - vere in do - ing right;



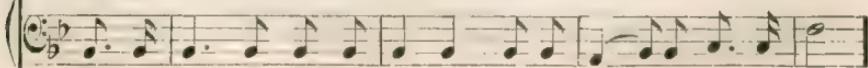
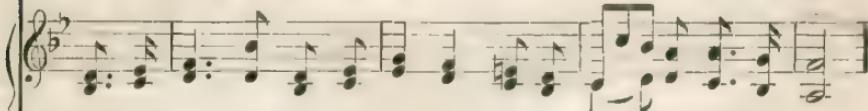
Tenor or Contralto voice.



Bass voice.



Gath'ring strength from crys-tal fountains, Flowing thro' a chos - en land;
And their voic - es gen - tly flow - ing, Ech - o sweet - ly here and there;
That will tend to peace and un - ion, In that bet - ter, saf - er way;
Nev - er fal - ter chil - dren, nev - er! And your sure to win the fight;



Land of Zi - on, land of Zi - on, Where the ho - ly tem-ples stand,
Chil-dren's voic - es, chil-dren's voic - es, Breath-ing mu - sic ev 'ry - where,
Ev - er prais-ing, Ev - er prais - ing, Lest their lit - tle feet should stray,
Cour-age chil - dren, cour - age chil-dren, See the goal is just in sight,



Contralto.



In the Chambers of the Mountains.



Where the ho - ly tem-ples stand, Where the ho - ly tem-ples stand.
Breath - ing mu - sic ev - 'ry-where, Breath-ing mu - sic ev - 'ry - where.
Lest their lit - tle feet should stray, Lest their lit - tle feet should stray.
See the goal is just in sight, See the goal is just in sight.

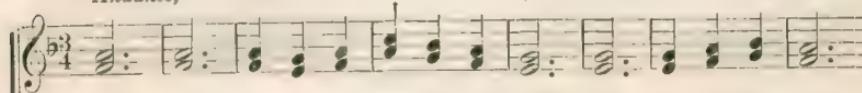


No. 77

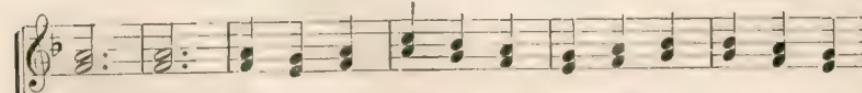
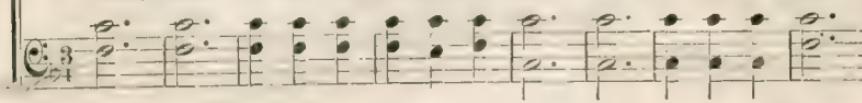
Home.

Andante,

Selected.



1. Home, home, I'm not for-get-ting thee, Dear, Dear dear - ly loved home;
2. Home, home, I'll nev - er leave thee a - gain, No, nev - er a - gain;



No, no, still I'm re - gret-ting thee, Tho' far a - way now I
Loved ones, no more I'll grieve ye, Nor leave ye in sor - row and



roam; Home, home, quick - ly I come, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home.
pain; Home, home, quick - ly I come, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home..



No 78.-

Gather Up the Sunbeams.

J. M. F. SNODGRASS.

1. Gather up the sunbeams,
 2. Seek the poor and low - ly,
 3. If one heart that's lone - ly,

In this world of ours;
 Ev ery-where they're found;
 We can bless and cheer,

Ev - er round our path - way Strew the sweetest flowers.
 Gath - er up the sun - beams, Scat - ter them a round.
 O, the no - ble mis - sion We are serving here!

Gather Up the Sunbeams.

Cheer the hearts that
Gath - er up the
Seek the poor and

sor - row, Where - so - e'er they be; Words of
sun - beams, Do some good each day; Deeds of
lone - ly, Ev - ery - where they're found; Gath - er

lov - ing kind - ness, Give them bounteous ly.
lov - ing kind - ness Nev - er pass a way.
up the sun - beams, Scat - ter them a round.

rit. a tem.

No. 79.

In Our Lovely Deseret.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

G. F. ROOT.

1. In our love - ly Des - e - ret, Where the saints of God have met,
 2. That the chil - dren may live long, And be beau - ti - ful and strong,
 3. They should be in - struct - ed young, How to watch and guard the tongue;
 4. They must not for - get to pray, Night and morn - ing, ev - 'ry day,

There's a mul - ti - tude of chil - dren all a - round; They are
 Tea and cof - fee and to - bac - co they de - spise; Drink no
 And their tem - pers train, and e - vil pas - sions bind; They should
 For the Lord to keep them safe from ev - 'ry ill; And as

gen - er - ous and brave, They have pre - cious souls to save, They must
 li - quor, and they eat But a ver - y lit - tle meat; They are
 al - ways be po - lite And treat ev - 'ry bod - y right And in
 sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

CHORUS.

lis - ten and o - bey the gos - pel's sound.
 seek - ing to be great and good and wise. Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music,
 ev - 'ry place be af - fa - ble and kind.
 love Him and may learn to do His will.

In Our Lovely Deseret.

Chil - dren's voic - es, O, how sweet, When in in - no-cence and love, Like the
an - gels up a - bove, They with hap-py hearts and cheerful fac - es meet.

No. 80.

Little Lispers.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.

J. HOSLER.

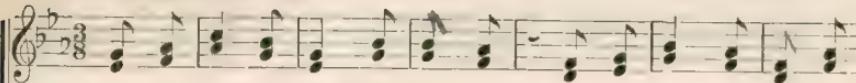
1. What can lit - tle bod - ies do, Like us lit - tle lisp - ers,
2. Oh, we here can come to school, And, with mer-ry voic - es,
3. Je - sus gave the gold - en rule; May be you don't know it,
4. Un - to oth - ers al - ways do As you would have oth - ers

Full of life and mis-chief too, And prone to nois - y whis - pers?
Sing a - bout the gold - en rule, Till ev - 'ry heart re - joic - es.
But 'tis known to all our school, And do not o - ver - throw it.
Do a - gain in turn to you, As sis - ters and as broth - ers.

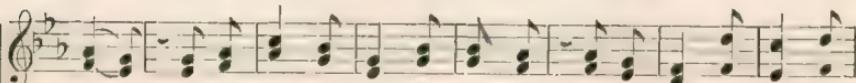
No. 81. Let's Be Kind to One Another.

E. S.

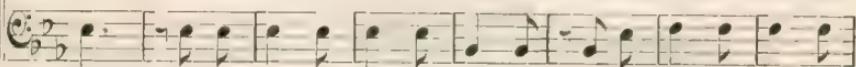
Allegretto.



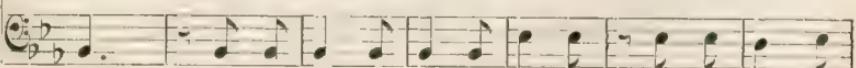
1. Let's be kind to one an - oth - er, Let us win each oth - er's
2. Ma - ny hearts are sad and wea - ry, Of the world with all its



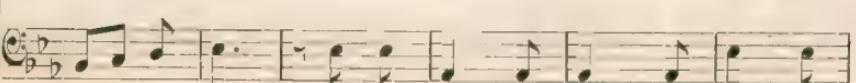
love, Let each be a sis - ter - broth - er, As the an - gels are a -
toil, And this gloom, how - ev - er drear - y, Could be ban - ished by a



bove. Though we can't be pure and ho - ly, While as mor - tals
smile. And that smile would cost you noth - ing, Noth - ing more than



here we stay; Yet we can shed love and kind - ness
would a frown; One would raise them up to heav - en,



Let's Be Kind to One Another.

Round our path-way ev - 'ry day; Yes, we should let
While the oth - er casts them down; Let us then make

love and kind - ness Be our mot - to day by day.
earth a heav - en— Turn to kind - ly smiles our frowns.

No. 82

Little Things.

KINDERGARTEN.

1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, Make the mighty
2. And the lit-tle mo-ments, Hum-ble though they be, Make the mighty
3. So our lit-tle er-rors, Lead the soul a-way, From the path of
4. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit-tle words of love, Make the earth an
5. Lit-tle seeds of mer-cy, Sown by youth-ful hands, Grow to bless the

rit.

O - cean And the beau-tous land, And the beau-teous land.
a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.
vir - tue Oft in sin to stray, Oft in sin to stray.
E - den Like the Heaven a - bove, Like the Heav'n a bove.
na - tions Far in heathen lands, Far in hea - then lands.

1. Speak to me kindly, dear pa - pa, On - ly speak kindly to
 2. I may not al - ways be near you, And were I ab - sent or

me, And I will try to do all things
 dead. Then I am sure you'd be sor - ry

Pleasing to mamma and thee; Oh if you knew how the
 For each harsh word you had said; I know I ought to be

harsh words Fall on the heart of your child, Driving a
 bet - ter, And I would be if I could, And with your

way all the sunshine, Making me reckless and wild.
 love to as - sist me, I will improve till I'm good.

Speak to Me Kindly.

CHORUS

If you would only speak kindly, I could be better I know,
Loving-ly always correct me, Showing the way I should go

No. 84.

Lillies and Roses.

J. P. OLSEN.

1. When a child breathes a pure and gentle pray - er, Or cheers with
2. But when he works with strong and earnest will Some kindly
gen - tle words an-oth - er's gloom, In heavenly gar - dens
act, beneath God's watchful eyes, A fragrant rose, more
springs a li - ly fair, Before the an - gels evermore to bloom,
rare and precious still, Makes glad the shining fields of para - dise.

No. 85.

Suwanee River.

S. C. F.

S. C. FOSTER.



1. Way down upon the Suwanee riv - er, Far, far a way,
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young,
When I was playing with my brother, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One that I love,
When shall I see the bees a humming, All round the comb?



There's where my heart is turning ever, There's where the old folks stay;
Still longing for the old plantation, And for the old folks at home
Then many happy days I squander'd, Many the songs I sung.
Oh take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.
When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming, Down in my good old home.



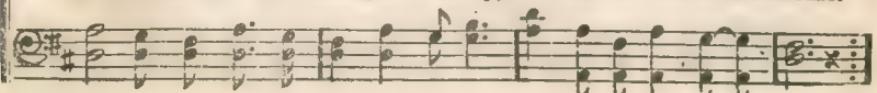
CHORUS.



All the world is dark and dreary. Ev - ery where I roam,



O darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.



No. 86.

Rock-a-bye Baby.

H. A. TUCKETT.



1. Rock - a - bye ba - by on the tree top, When the wind
 2. Rock - a - bye ba - by pa - pa is hunting, Ma - ma is



blows the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks the
 wait - ing glad - ly his com - ing, Rise with the lark, love,



Fine.



cradle will fall; Down will come ba - by cradle and all,
 and gladly greet him, All will be joy with thee to day.



Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by sleep,



Sleep, ba - by sleep till the dawn of the day,

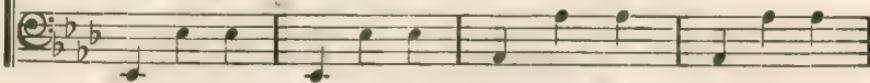


Rock-a-bye Baby.

Sleep till the dawn of the day,



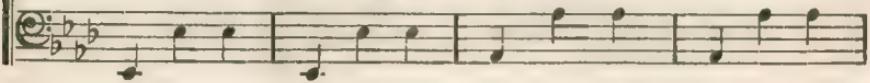
Sleep, ba - by, sleep till dawn of day,



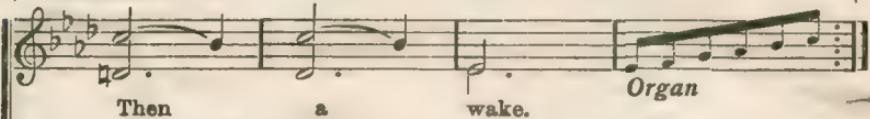
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by, sleep



Sleep, ba - by, sleep till the dawn of the day.



1st time.



Then a wake.

Organ



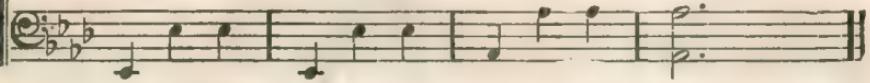
2nd time.

D.C.



Sleep, then a wake.

Ah!



Children join hands and swing back and forth to imitate the rocking of a cradle, while singing the first part, remaining still for the second part. Join hands again at the pause, Ah!

No. 87.

There is a Happy Land.

HINDOO MELODY.



1. There is a happy land, Far, far a way. Where Saints in
2. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye; Kept by a
3. Come to that happy land, Come, come a way, Why will ye



gio - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then to glo - ry run;
doubling stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be,



Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun, We'll reign for aye!
When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!



No. 88.

Welcome to All.

H. A. TUCKETT.

Allegretto



1. Welcome to all, With joy we give you greet - ing, And
2. Welcome to all, And may all care and sor - row Be



may our mirthful sing - ing gladden every heart;
ban - ished a - far that all may happy be,



Welcome to All.

Welcome to all the air with mu - sic ring - ing,
Welcome to all and may your smiling fac - es,

and may we all be happy when we part.
Greet us with joy as we warble forth in' glee.

Children join hands and swing from side to side.

CHORUS.

And we gai - ly sing tra la la la, And we

gaily sing tra la la la. And we gai - ly sing tra la la

Repeat Chorus pp.

la, We're as hap - py as larks all the day.

Moderato.

1. The first train leaves at six p. m., for the land where the poppy
2. The next train leaves at eight p. m., for the pop - py land a-
3. So I ask of Him who children took in His arms in goodness

blows, The mother dear is the en - gi - neer, And the
 far, The message clear sounds on the ear, All a-
 great, Take charge I pray of the trains each day, That

The Evening Train.

pas - senger laughs and crows, The pal - ace car is the
board for the sleeping car, But what is the fare to
leave at six and eight, Take charge of the passen-gers

mother's arms, The whistle a low, sweet strain, The passengers
poppy land, I hope it is not too dear; The fare is
each I pray, For to me they are dear, And a spe - cial

D. S.

wink and nod and blink, And go to sleep on the train.
this a hug and a kiss, And it's paid to the en - gl - neer,
guard O gra - cious Lord, O'er the gen - tle en - gl - neer.

No. 90.

Bless the Children.

GEO. CARELLI.

LUCY A. CLARK.

Moderato.

1. Blessings on all Zi - on's children; May their
 2. Guide them with His ho - ly Spir - it, Shield them
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, up in hea - ven, Send thine
 4. Place around them God's whole ar - mor, Pure and

lit - tie feet ne'er stray From the paths of
 with His gra - cious pow - er; Then if e - vil
 an - gels from a - bove, To pro - tect these
 spot - less lead them home Un - to Him who

truth and vir - tue; Keep them in the nar - row way.
 should assail them, They can stand the try - ing hour.
 lit - tle jew - els; For Thy name they dear - ly love.
 wise ly sent them To earn a place beside His throne.

Bless the Children.

REVIS.

Bless the chil - dren, Je - sus loved them; In His

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in C major with a common time signature, featuring a bass clef. The lyrics "Bless the chil - dren, Je - sus loved them; In His" are written below the notes.

work they have be - gun, On - ward, on - ward.

This block contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The top staff is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in C major with a common time signature, featuring a bass clef. The lyrics "work they have be - gun, On - ward, on - ward." are written below the notes.

nev - er fail; Do His bid - ding ev - ery one.

This block contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The top staff is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in C major with a common time signature, featuring a bass clef. The lyrics "nev - er fail; Do His bid - ding ev - ery one." are written below the notes.

No. 91.

A Prayer.

SELECTED.

1. Up to me sweet childhood looketh, Heart and mind and soul
 2. Give to me a cheerful spirit, That my lit - tle flock
 3. Let Thy ho - ly coun - sel lead me; Let Thy light before m

wake; Teach me of Thy ways, O Father! Teach me
 see 1-That its blos - som - ing may praise Thee, Praise Thee
 shine, 2-That in good and pleasant ser - vice, Pleasant
 3-“Let the fol'wing me, the children, May not
 That they may not stumble o - ver An - y
 lit - tle ones come to me; And for -

Fine.

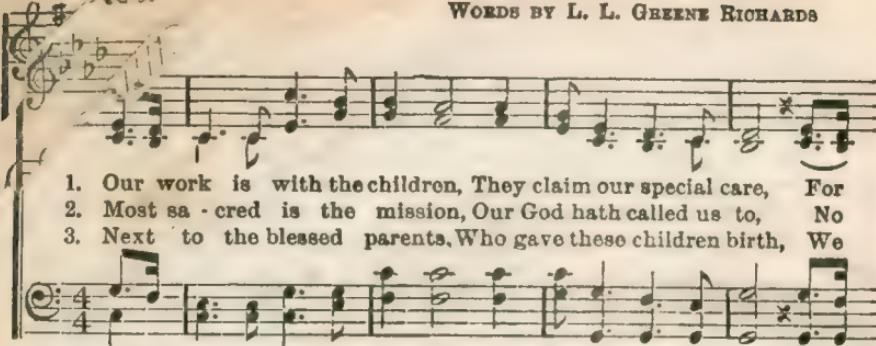
for sweet childhood's sake. In their young hearts soft and
 where - so - e'er they go. Father, or - der all my
 to be taught of Thee. ev - er go as - tray.
 word or deed of mine. Draw us hand in hand to
 bid, for - bid them not." bid,

Go back to :S:

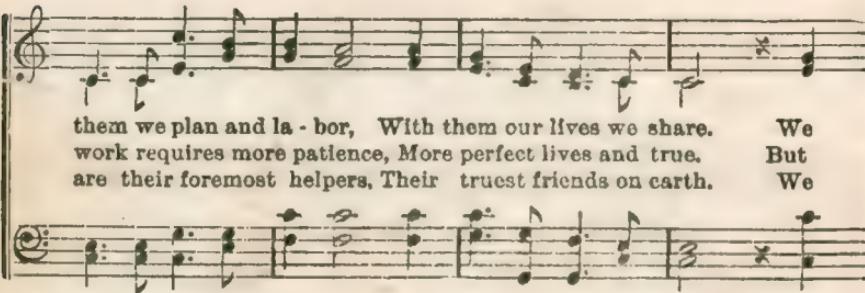
ten - der, Guide my hand good seed to sow,
 foot - steps; So if rect my dai - ly way,
 Je - sus. For His word's sake, un - for got,-

Our Work and Our Wealth.

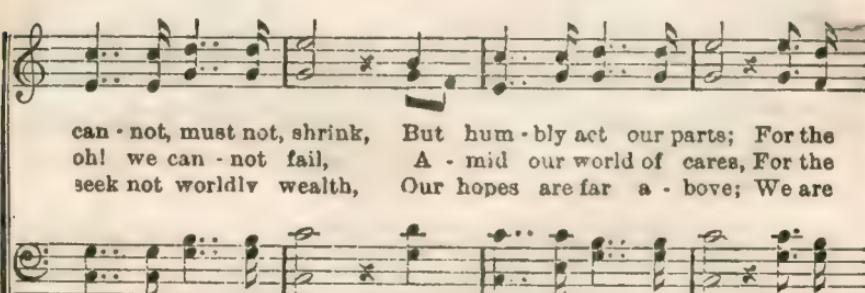
WORDS BY L. L. GREENE RICHARDS



1. Our work is with the children, They claim our special care, For
2. Most sa - cred is the mission, Our God hath called us to, No
3. Next to the blessed parents, Who gave these children birth, We



them we plan and la - bor, With them our lives we share. work requires more patience, More perfect lives and true. are their foremost helpers, Their truest friends on earth. We But We



can - not, must not, shrink, But hum - bly act our parts; For the
oh! we can - not fail, A - mid our world of cares, For the
seek not worldly wealth, Our hopes are far a - bove; We are

children's eyes are on us, And we hold their trusting hearts.
children's faith up - holds us, And they name us in their prayers,
rich in heavenly treasures, For we have the children's love.

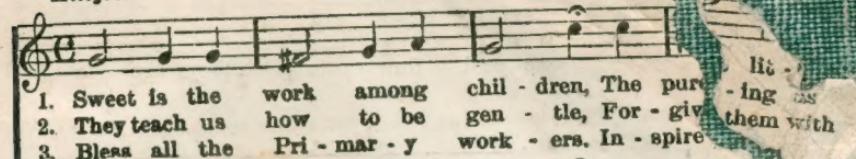
No. 93.

Sweet is the Work

MARY A. BALL.

Allegro.

1. Sweet is the work among chil - dren, The pur - lit -
 2. They teach us how to be gen - tle, For - giv - ing
 3. Bless all the Pri - mar - y work - ers, In - spire



in - no - cent throng; Our work seems not work, but a
 ev - ery one should, Teach us the Sa - vior's ex-
 love's gentle power. Fa - ther in hea - ven re-



pleas - ure, To list to their beau - ti - ful song.
 am - ple; With chil - dren we learn to be good.
 ward them For feed - ing Thy lambs with such care.



Our Work's the Work.

are our sunshine and flow - ers, With them are our

hap pi est hours; 'Tis pleas ure in - deed to

sow righteous seed In the heart of an in - no - cent child.



